Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIV. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 26, 1835. Whole No. 752.

From Atkinson's Casket.

THE POET'S PARADISE.

The following poem is descriptive of a romantic grove in reality, which the author was invited to visit, by the two lady inquirers here. It stands on the margin of a high and beautiful stream, the opposite shore of which, is planted with meadow, and bordered with shrubbery and weeping willows, the reflections of which in the water by moonlight, are picturesque and imposing. A splendid mansion may be seen in the distance, and beyond it a long line of dark wood, lands in perspective, constitute the grand outlines of a front view of the landscape. To the right the bold stream gracefully sweeps upwards, curving at right angles, its broad bosom growing with the golden light which the departed sun leaves blushing on the brow of night, till it reaches the *mill pond*, from which the town takes its name. 'Tis the left the rude bridge is seen in the distance, beyond which, the graceful willow lifts her tall coma against the western sky, and the meandering stream, like an erring child of mortality, pursues in its flowery course, the objects it can never overtake or attain.

The fair Goddess of the night had just ascended in her silver car to the eastern hills, and was struggling, like *beauty* enveloped in her veil, behind the light *fleecy locks of a cloud*, when, with the two ladies, and accompanied by a gentleman, I descended the green, and passing through a Turkish Kiosk, or summer-house, seated myself beneath the umbrageous shade of a fig or fruit tree, which spreads its low branches many feet around. What poet would not here be inspired, while gazing on a beautiful gondola, gliding like a spirit on the bosom of the waters, and listening to the notes of the gay guitar touched by some lady's hand, as the strains were answered by Echo on her silver shell, and died away to the grove?

Awake, sweet harp of song, awake,
And bid thy golden numbers break
On beauty's ear—
Awake—Rotterdam is in the bowers,
And Fancy on her throne of flowers,
Is lingering here—
Sweet Echo in her sylvan cell,
Hath caught thy song upon her shell—
The Naiad nymphs in coral groves,
Are telling all their tender loves—
The Graces in your shady bowers,
Are listening to the laughing Hours,
As they recite,
This moonlight night,
Sweet Fancy's passion and her powers.

'Tis night—the glorious orb of all,
With gold hath gilt you airy field—
The full moon high in Heaven's hall,
Hath hung her silver shield—
Like bridal beauty 'midst her throng,
The gay Diana moves among
Her airy train, along the skies
That look on earth, like angel's eyes
Peeping at beauty and at bliss,
And sighing for a scene like this—
Where amid earthly groves of green,
These fairy feet might stray,
And with the angel woman, dream
A life of love away.

When fair Aurora, maid of morn
Unlocks the golden gates of day,
And rays of rosy light, adorn
The green fields far away—
Whenever we sit by some lone stream,
And of our happier days to dream;
But sweeter far, in this gay grove,
Sacred to silence and to love,
It is to sit at evening's hour,
And mark the moonbeams pierce the bower,
And thro' the Kiosk, softly steal
To woo the flowers, and to reveal
The feelings known in yonder sphere,
Where other beings greet us here.

'Tis night, and 'neath the silvery wave,
The moon's fair face is seen—
The willows in the waters love,
And yonder banks of green,
And yonder bridge, and house and hill,
And Heaven's wide hall, sublimer still,
Are, like some picture, vast and wide,
Mirror'd beneath the placid tide,
As the some giant painter there,
Had fixed his gallery in air,
And moved the globe away, to give
A space wherein his art might live.

See, Anna, see yon bubble bright,
That floats upon the billow's breast—
'Tis studded with the stars of night—
All Heaven is pictured there in light,
And see upon its crest,
The fairest scenes of earth are drawn—
Look, Mary, look, 'tis broken—'tis gone—
'Tis thus with hope—in earlier years,
Ere we have known, or sighs or tears,
We look upon the bubble bright,
So rich in pictured life and light,
And grasp—but ah, there's nothing there—
'Tis broke—'tis gone—and we despair.

Oh, for a gondola, to glide
Upon those brilliant waves this hour—
Soft music murmuring o'er the tide,
To sweet guitar or lute allied—
Waked by some lady's power—
On such a night as this, 'twere sweet
To visit yonder green retreat,
That like an island seems to rise,
Suspended in the baseless skies,
And there, an hour
In fancy's power,
With hearts we love, and souls we prize,
To think of those, tho' far away,
Whom we have known in pleasure's day,
And dream awhile we taste of bliss,
Unknown in such a world as this—
And that we gaze
Again on eyes that once could wake
The soul to transport, and partake
The heart's warm wishes and its bliss—
The long embrace, and love's fond kiss,
And friendship's praise.

Hark! music floats upon the air—
The light wave breaks upon the shore—
List this! a light bark paddles there—
I hear the muffled oar—
See, see how o'er the glassy stream
It passes, like a boundless dream—
Softly it bends unto the wind,
Yet leaves no trace or track behind—
Thus o'er the stream of life we glide,
And leave no track upon its tide—
Hark! hark! the lay—
The Gondolier hath waked his song—
How swiftly flies the bark along—
He comes this way—
We are in Venice—at this hour
The lover seeks his lady's bower—
He comes to weave in moonlight grove,
A garland for his lady love—
He comes beneath her lattice shade,
To sing to night her serenade—
Oh, now his tones touch the lute—
The air is still, the waves are mute—
Methinks an angel might, to hear
Such notes from Heaven, incline her ear,
So sweetly now, they rise above,
Dying in languishment and love—
See! nearer comes the gondolier,
And down the avenue
The lady steals, to greet him here,
And then to bid adieu.

Mark on the shore that manly frame—
He flies to meet her snatchless charms—
Their hearts have met in mutual flame—
She has entranced within his arms—
Oh, let me catch
The spirit of the scene, and feel
The joys which lover's hearts reveal,
When breathing in a moonlight grove,
Their vows of luxury and love.

* * * * *

But hark! I think 'twas Charley spoke—
The vision's gone—the dream is broke—
It was but fancy's sketch—
That lady is no longer here,
And gone the graceful gondolier—
The song and serenade are mute,
And hushed the sweet lay of his lute—
The tiny bark hath left the shore,
And Fancy's brilliant reign is o'er.

MILFORD BARD.

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

In looking over an old English work, supposed to be upward of an hundred years old, I came across the following, which seems to me so appropriate to the present time. I herewith send you a copy; if you consider it worthy a place in your columns, you will confer a favour by publishing it.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S WISH.

Curst be the wretch that's bought and sold,
And barters liberty for gold!
For, when election is not free,
In vain we boast of liberty:
And he who sells his single right,
Would sell his country's, if he might.

When Liberty is put to sale,
For wine, for money, or for ale,
The sellers must be abject slaves—
The buyers vile, designing knaves:
It has a proverb been of old,
The Devil's bought, but to be sold.

This maxim, in the statesman's school,
Is always taught—Divide and Rule;
All parties are to him a joke—
While zealots foam, he *fits* the yoke:
When men their reason once resume,
'Tis then the statesman's turn to fume.

Learn, learn, ye Britons, to unite—
Leave off the old exploded fute!
Henceforth let Whig and Tory cease,
And turn all party rage to peace:
Rouse, and revive your ancient glory,
Unite, and drive the world before ye!

From the Portland Advertiser.

BROOK'S LETTERS.

AN AMERICAN IN AN ENGLISH STEAM-BOAT.—No. XXXIII.

ROTTERDAM, August 6, 1835.

Detained in London beyond all my calculations, and who will not be detained there *by no* world or wonders? I made at last a strong effort to break away for a trip, on, and over the continent,—and now, you see, I am in the dominions of his Dutch majesty, after a passage across the channel of only 30 hours, which an American steamboat, however, would have performed in half the time. In the European world it does not take long to change from kingdom to kingdom,—and one may, in a very brief time, "finish up" half a dozen of them, not counting him next as much to travel as it costs to run over some of our states. To get out of England, upon the continent, the traveller must do something more than wear he leaves the United States,—for not only is a passport indispensable (which, by the way, is better than *well to have* before you *leave* home)—but an American charge or consul in London, must give it his "*Vu a legation de S. M. le Roi des Pays Bas.*" No country in the world, I believe, but the United States, has thoroughly done with this trumpery. England has done much toward it, and no one needs a passport to pass over Great Britain; but the alien, however, is threatened with "fine and imprisonment," unless he declares himself at the alien office,—a threat, by the way, that no sensible alien troubles himself about, for in England people obey only such of the laws as it suits their rulers to put in execution, and the rulers now seem to have come to the conclusion that there is not much need of enforcing them.

I bade adieu to London, its thickly crowded streets, and its more thickly crowded Theatres, on the morning of the 5th at 6 o'clock, and soon after our steamer, the "Sir Edward Banks," was winding its way through the fleet on this little river, with all the skill, that the best American wheelsman could use in threading the thoroughfare of Broadway. My landlady in London, to whom on parting I made myself known as an American, (giving her an American coin, with our eagle upon it, as a token of the thankfulness I felt for many kind attentions received at her hands) told me from that far-off country, for, said she, "you speak English just as we do, and I never should have known it"—a compliment I can assure you I did not value so much as I might; because the good landlady and her household had that cockney pronunciation of our mother tongue, which never used an h, and which without ceremony would turn a house into an ouse, and a hat day into an at one, in such a manner that *my senses were often wandering through her sentences to guess out her meaning.* I believe I have not told you before, that in London, the greater part of the travelling population resorting there, who intend to make any stay, just select lodgings, that is a bed room and a setting room, where they breakfast only, and make their head quarters, always dining at the coffee house or "dining out." Thus I had become quite expert in making tea and coffee, for we always make it ourselves, the hot water alone being given us,—and in this manner, since my companion had left me some ten days ago for Brussels, and—I don't know where else—I made many a solitary breakfast, *a la Anglaise*, mumbling my excellent London loaf of bread, all alone, all this I have now changed, and am again commencing a new life. I am quite alone in my journeying. As I was going down the Thames, true I met an American clergyman from New York, with his daughter, wending his way to the continent, but his plans were so different from mine that we are already parted,—and I know not how far be is mistance of me.

Our steamer as usual was nothing extraordinary. In America we should have used her as a mud digger in the rivers, or the highest promotion she could have had, would have been as the tower of other craft. They were on board some 60 or 70 passengers, and but twenty berths at the most to accommodate all,—and yet she is one of his majesty's "mail boats" to the continent. Our company was made up of the specimens of the different materials, which such a population can well display, and in large quantities too. Here, was a fellow too big in feeling to tread the decks of the little streamer, twirling his cane snuffing the air—with the rudeness of manner toward all, that always mark the vulgar, even if well dressed man. There was one of those true English gentlemen, all simplicity, all kindness, with his family and carriage to post all the way to Switzerland from the middle Rhine, making no fuss at all, answering all your questions, and doing much to oblige you. Now, you met one of those English naval officers, who, from commanding all on board their own ships, think they may command all on board of other people's ships, and thus become rude and surly, needing an insult from every passer by, at least as often as once in ten minutes. The mustachioed continental officer was pacing the decks here. The trapping Frenchman there.—The rough thick-built Dutchman was smoking (as all as the steamer would permit,—and the newly married husband with his lady love, now whispering (I dare say) in another remote corner, of their happiness that is, and is to be, at least in their own imagination, as they ran away from friends at home to hide their nuptials abroad, as if it were a crime to marry. I watched all, for I felt quite alone, and should have been sad in this loneliness, but for the attention thus forced upon me. The "feast of all languages" seemed to be spread about, and I was gathering what few I could of "the scraps."—The Frenchman slips out his words with an ease and a volubility amazing to me. The Dutchman made all manner of faces as he jerked out his rough and unmanageable consonants. The German was far smoother tongued. The English sounded as the dignified medium of all. The little glib Italian chanted his delicious syllables, as if his language was not made to talk but to chant,—and then the Castilian came in with his full pounding periods so much softer than the German, so much more dignified than the Italian or French, so free from the clipped hissing syllables of the English.

How could all these languages have been formed thus on one continent—and here we had them all spoken at once.—I was surprised at the variety with which some few of our passengers would change from one to the other, and then run through all—with what correctness, I am sure I cannot say. One young man, not over twenty-two, spoke each of these, I remarked, except English, and this, be observed, "no Christian man could learn to speak in such a manner as not to be laughed at"—and therefore he would never speak it at all, though he read it well, and fully understood it when pronounced. Every body, I also remarked, spoke French—every body of any pretensions—for not to be able to speak French in England, is a mark that you have received a mean education, and it is almost as disgraceful as with us would be bad orthography, or the inability to read with ease. Hence every Englishman, woman, or little one, on board our steamer, speaks French, which seems to be the common medium of exchange in communication, just as gold or silver is in the mercantile world. French enables you to talk with every well educated man, wherever you meet him, no matter from what quarter of the world he has come. America alone excepted. Placed thus in such a situation, (I can assure you it was no pleasant one)—for just as an American would feel who does not know how to write, I felt when I saw at times all others thus enjoying a conversation to which I could only listen, and then guess out the meaning, for like many other Americans, who have received "an education," I can read French with ease and pleasure—I can murder it in conversation, and understand it when spoken slowly, or when pronounced with an English accent; but to murder my language before others who speak it well, is an act one will seldom be guilty of, if he knows what he is doing. And as for understanding the confusion of vowels and consonants that Frenchmen themselves make, that is altogether beyond my power, in their animated conversation. Hundreds of Americans, who come over here, are in my situation. This picture of the condition of one, may do some good to thousands at home; and therefore I have given it. I always endeavour in conversation here, by explaining our remote position from all these European tongues, and the few opportunities which we have in many parts of the United States of ever hearing these languages well spoken, to account for our inability to speak them, though we read them, or many of them; but the Englishman will not understand how it is that an uneducated American does not speak a language which is even a part of *his* education, and which is ever necessary to him, situated as he is on the very borders of a continent *where they are spoken*—forgetting that we are three thousand miles off, and that in hundreds and hundreds of our towns, and in very many of our colleges, a French word is never spoken without being Anglicized.

I need not draw a farther picture of our motley company, as our steamer paddled down the Thames—for the suitability of such a company all will fancy for themselves, and how that suitability was suddenly silenced, as the white waves of the English channel came rushing around us, bringing a paleness on every face, it needs no description to conceive. In common with many Englishmen, I admired the ingenious management of our steward, who spread out his tempting dinner wands full three hours earlier than the English dinner hour, so as to have well the anger roused for the *table d'hote*, before sea sickness came upon them. The hitherto voluble declaimer was now stretched at length upon piles of carpet bags. The chattering English miss would now hardly speculate an aye or no. Every nook and corner was filled by some one seeking to hide his head. The roguish sailors as they passed along, and witnessed the misery, would only change the location of their quids of tobacco from one side of the mouth to the other, as they sneeringly pitied our sad condition. Amid the shrieks and groans of the women, and but here and there a man-hugger was lost—a pale movement of what is gained in *travelling for pleasure.* I should do wrong, however, to pass over a somewhat queer discussion which I held from Gravesend to Margate, with some English gentlemen—one of whom, a magistrate, as he was discussing English politics with a sang, I fell upon and interrupted, as he was warmly contending for his political side of the question, and supporting his argument with the declaration "that between despotism and democracy, as an unambitious mind, desirous only of enjoyment and peace, he should prefer the refinement and elegance of the court of the Russian autocrat to the vulgarity of the American democracy"—that is, he would rather live in St. Petersburgh than in the United States! That was a little too much even for the calm training I have given given myself in all political matters; and as nothing was uttered, than I broke in upon the conversation, and soon had every auditory the whole Englishman of the passengers, men, women, misses, boys, maids, servants, and all; for I can assure you this with a certain part of English society, particularly that of the higher orders, there is no much curiosity to see a native American, as there would be to see an American Indian—say Black Hawk, *for example*; and if the native Americans down really deserve in their estimation to associate with gentlemen, no Englishman will receive half as much civility and kindness,—for, in the first place, they are surprised at the existence of such an anomaly as an American gentleman—and in the next place, they are so deplorably ignorant of every thing that concerns us, that whenever an American well acquainted with all the interests of his own country can answer all their questions, (and as constant reference is now made in parliament to our political system, they are eager in putting them,) they will become him with such a kindness and extra attention—studying him, I call it, as they would a new book in a new language, so as to learn its contents.—Indeed, I was amused in a little by this, the last week I was in London; for an article that I had written upon American affairs, and sent to a newspaper, not-denied me, very much to my surprise, to the dinner tables of certain politicians, who catechised me upon American matters, and *studied* me through and through, very much as I studied my catechism in boyhood days. It I did not hold that conversation at such places is to be here "sacred," particularly the free conversation ever held when a few bottles of wine have gone round, I should be delighted with the liberty to recite this—for it was one of the most amusing and interesting I ever had. All were delighted when I told them that the ballot would be altogether a different thing in England from the ballot in America,—and that in England it would open from top to bottom, the conservative party, whether whig or tory, and the bold that property here has upon numbers as all the varied interests of the state—not so American, if the ballot was introduced, for there, as I explained, the majority of numbers, the democratic party, would be sure to overwhelm the property of the state. Then I explained that I was from that far-off country, for, said she, "you speak English just as we do, and I never should have known it"—a compliment I can assure you I did not value so much as I might; because the good landlady and her household had that cockney pronunciation of our mother tongue, which never used an h, and which without ceremony would turn a house into an ouse, and a hat day into an at one, in such a manner that *my senses were often wandering through her sentences to guess out her meaning.* I believe I have not told you before, that in London, the greater part of the travelling population resorting there, who intend to make any stay, just select lodgings, that is a bed room and a setting room, where they breakfast only, and make their head quarters, always dining at the coffee house or "dining out." Thus I had become quite expert in making tea and coffee, for we always make it ourselves, the hot water alone being given us,—and in this manner, since my companion had left me some ten days ago for Brussels, and—I don't know where else—I made many a solitary breakfast, *a la Anglaise*, mumbling my excellent London loaf of bread, all alone, all this I have now changed, and am again commencing a new life. I am quite alone in my journeying. As I was going down the Thames, true I met an American clergyman from New York, with his daughter, wending his way to the continent, but his plans were so different from mine that we are already parted,—and I know not how far be is mistance of me.

Our steamer as usual was nothing extraordinary. In America we should have used her as a mud digger in the rivers, or the highest promotion she could have had, would have been as the tower of other craft. They were on board some 60 or 70 passengers, and but twenty berths at the most to accommodate all,—and yet she is one of his majesty's "mail boats" to the continent. Our company was made up of the specimens of the different materials, which such a population can well display, and in large quantities too. Here, was a fellow too big in feeling to tread the decks of the little streamer, twirling his cane snuffing the air—with the rudeness of manner toward all, that always mark the vulgar, even if well dressed man. There was one of those true English gentlemen, all simplicity, all kindness, with his family and carriage to post all the way to Switzerland from the middle Rhine, making no fuss at all, answering all your questions, and doing much to oblige you. Now, you met one of those English naval officers, who, from commanding all on board their own ships, think they may command all on board of other people's ships, and thus become rude and surly, needing an insult from every passer by, at least as often as once in ten minutes. The mustachioed continental officer was pacing the decks here. The trapping Frenchman there.—The rough thick-built Dutchman was smoking (as all as the steamer would permit,—and the newly married husband with his lady love, now whispering (I dare say) in another remote corner, of their happiness that is, and is to be, at least in their own imagination, as they ran away from friends at home to hide their nuptials abroad, as if it were a crime to marry. I watched all, for I felt quite alone, and should have been sad in this loneliness, but for the attention thus forced upon me. The "feast of all languages" seemed to be spread about, and I was gathering what few I could of "the scraps."—The Frenchman slips out his words with an ease and a volubility amazing to me. The Dutchman made all manner of faces as he jerked out his rough and unmanageable consonants. The German was far smoother tongued. The English sounded as the dignified medium of all. The little glib Italian chanted his delicious syllables, as if his language was not made to talk but to chant,—and then the Castilian came in with his full pounding periods so much softer than the German, so much more dignified than the Italian or French, so free from the clipped hissing syllables of the English.

How could all these languages have been formed thus on one continent—and here we had them all spoken at once.—I was surprised at the variety with which some few of our passengers would change from one to the other, and then run through all—with what correctness, I am sure I cannot say. One young man, not over twenty-two, spoke each of these, I remarked, except English, and this, be observed, "no Christian man could learn to speak in such a manner as not to be laughed at"—and therefore he would never speak it at all, though he read it well, and fully understood it when pronounced. Every body, I also remarked, spoke French—every body of any pretensions—for not to be able to speak French in England, is a mark that you have received a mean education, and it is almost as disgraceful as with us would be bad orthography, or the inability to read with ease. Hence every Englishman, woman, or little one, on board our steamer, speaks French, which seems to be the common medium of exchange in communication, just as gold or silver is in the mercantile world. French enables you to talk with every well educated man, wherever you meet him, no matter from what quarter of the world he has come. America alone excepted. Placed thus in such a situation, (I can assure you it was no pleasant one)—for just as an American would feel who does not know how to write, I felt when I saw at times all others thus enjoying a conversation to which I could only listen, and then guess out the meaning, for like many other Americans, who have received "an education," I can read French with ease and pleasure—I can murder it in conversation, and understand it when spoken slowly, or when pronounced with an English accent; but to murder my language before others who speak it well, is an act one will seldom be guilty of, if he knows what he is doing. And as for understanding the confusion of vowels and consonants that Frenchmen themselves make, that is altogether beyond my power, in their animated conversation. Hundreds of Americans, who come over here, are in my situation. This picture of the condition of one, may do some good to thousands at home; and therefore I have given it. I always endeavour in conversation here, by explaining our remote position from all these European tongues, and the few opportunities which we have in many parts of the United States of ever hearing these languages well spoken, to account for our inability to speak them, though we read them, or many of them; but the Englishman will not understand how it is that an uneducated American does not speak a language which is even a part of *his* education, and which is ever necessary to him, situated as he is on the very borders of a continent *where they are spoken*—forgetting that we are three thousand miles off, and that in hundreds and hundreds of our towns, and in very many of our colleges, a French word is never spoken without being Anglicized.

I need not draw a farther picture of our motley company, as our steamer paddled down the Thames—for the suitability of such a company all will fancy for themselves, and how that suitability was suddenly silenced, as the white waves of the English channel came rushing around us, bringing a paleness on every face, it needs no description to conceive. In common with many Englishmen, I admired the ingenious management of our steward, who spread out his tempting dinner wands full three hours earlier than the English dinner hour, so as to have well the anger roused for the *table d'hote*, before sea sickness came upon them. The hitherto voluble declaimer was now stretched at length upon piles of carpet bags. The chattering English miss would now hardly speculate an aye or no. Every nook and corner was filled by some one seeking to hide his head. The roguish sailors as they passed along, and witnessed the misery, would only change the location of their quids of tobacco from one side of the mouth to the other, as they sneeringly pitied our sad condition. Amid the shrieks and groans of the women, and but here and there a man-hugger was lost—a pale movement of what is gained in *travelling for pleasure.* I should do wrong, however, to pass over a somewhat queer discussion which I held from Gravesend to Margate, with some English gentlemen—one of whom, a magistrate, as he was discussing English politics with a sang, I fell upon and interrupted, as he was warmly contending for his political side of the question, and supporting his argument with the declaration "that between despotism and democracy, as an unambitious

THINGS IN HOLLAND.—No. XXXIV.

AMSTERDAM, August 10, 1835.

Do the people here and here about live on land or on water? Do they go by feet or legs? Are they amphibious or not? I never saw such green places, such greenly home cities, such an all-pervading of land and water—a paved street here, and a canal there.—One gets crying thirsty for gin to his coffee on the water and then one can dip his cup in the sea, or on his head on the land.—here a ship by that man's window and there a stepping from a ride door to the paddle boat.—here men sailing under the houses, though the roll go as it were, and there a fellow going under the visible earth and popping his head up some rods off. Never did sociality dwell on such places before! Well done, ye Master Thunderbolt-geese, and Sheepshanks-swans, with your superlative noses!—Ye would even give the fruits a running glance. Ye have robbed the fishes of their dominions. The Ocean ye have driven back, and though here ye ever battening your rocky walls, and roaring around you with threats of deadliness, yet ye laugh at his power, and make your pipes to pears. Are ye men, and women, and children made of the same flesh and bones as we are—and blood in your veins, or some new fanged tribes from the deep, that naturalists are puzzled with? What a curious language this is of yours! —strange sounds too. The *Rokkaad* (Coffee-house) the *Fischmarkt* (Fish-market) the *Boterhuis* (Butter-house or hall) the *Koornbeurs* (Corn house or market) &c. &c.—which I cannot endure the awful feeling of loneliness. The first party I fall in with—I know I shall be drifted along with them, no matter in what current. No food are we of all gang in flocks, herding as the cattle herd, and in this respect are like them, as well (no offence) in the exercise, as in the non exercise of the intellect—the great faculty which God has given man to distinguish him from the brute—that I sometimes fear the chief difference to be only in fact, that the brute has four legs, and we but two. I am vexed with myself that I have no courage to travel any where alone, but most penance, in spite of me better judgement make the "grand tour," and to the trash of the whole mob of travellers, who like flocks of sheep scamper over the one way that their leaders have shown them.

Yes, of all countries I think Holland must be the most extraordinary, which, with an Englishman's definition, means all that can be said or thought of it were writing for Englishmen, I could say nothing more. The wonder-working power of industry here is beyond description.—No writer can give a vivid idea of what man has made of the earth out of the water. Think of rescuing all the swamps of the river Maas and from the inroads of the waters, and of making it all as a garden—a healthy and a charming country, full of little palaces, and pleasure houses, and bridges and canals, under which and over which the boats are ever plying,—and you will have a faint idea of what has been done in Holland, save that nature has done nothing for it, was every thing—and that there is nothing remarkable in soil, but every thing bad in climate, and with the whole train of aches and rheumatisms, that cold and damp are ever generating.—Why I thought the English were the most remarkable people on earth for profiting by their position and turning every spot of land to advantage or to pleasure, but the Dutch are far before them—ours far, remembering how little nature has done here. Think of a city built as Amsterdam is on enormous piles, in what was a deep and perilous marsh,—a city containing more of nearly 200 miles in its streets (forming above little islands connected by three hundred bridges) running through the streets, vessels or boats in all of them, loading and unloading at the large warehouses going on,—and all these canals bordered with large, lofty, and healthy trees,—the masts of the shipping here mingling with the trees, or there rearing by the windows of the houses.—See them at quite every house—often at every window—angle or double looking-glasses, or reflectors, so that a person in the room sitting before the window can see by reflection the whole length of the street, and all that is going under the trees. The canal, and the shipping. Look into one of these, and you are quite convinced that such a city is no city, but a picture. So view can be more perfect to the eye.

Then the Dutch ladies,—beautiful women they are, with beautiful complexions, and fine, healthy forms, with their heavy locks bound in a braid, or with curls such as those I admire, arranged, their reflectors at right angles, the right angle pointed towards the window, so that directing their eyes to that angle they see (reflected themselves) the whole street from the right and left.

I wonder, as my own sex would say, which they might deem indifferent as to the sense I go myself—for everything is so new to me, and so astonishing to my unpractised mind, (thus fresh am I in this Old World,) that I do not take a step without gathering a thought, or having a feeling I never had before. But to return to Rotterdam

The traveller landing at Rotterdam from another country, is not only reminded by a change of language that he is in a foreign country, but by a change of coin too. The English shilling, half-crown, and sovereign, give place to the florin or guilder, and stivers, and centimes, with a no-name-ness to me, for little know the value of which I shall never take the trouble to learn. A letter of credit from a banker in London, soon filled my pockets with gold and silver, with the golden genius of gold, with Prussian crowns and thalers, and Dutch dollars, and florins, and francs, and Napoleons, &c. &c. &c. so that though I took only fifty pounds sterling home to the hotel, I travelled on it with a load of iron in my pockets, reaching for the first time in my life at the hundreds of a specie currency by which a man is made a horse, with the unpleasantness of carrying his money about him, besides the danger of losing it, if he leaves it in his luggage—and thus of enjoying but in a comfortable economy which one would unavoidably have, when passing from a strange country. All I can say is, that the fifty pounds are not worth carrying, with the constant impression of peril upon one—provided there was any mode of moving without them. Again, you exchange the luxe dull dinners of English hotels and English coffee-houses, for the lively *table d'hote*, where all sit down around one board, and you hear, see and know when in the world with you—a knowledge to which you will seldom attain, under the exclusive system of England. Foster and sit free way in Europe, where your existence becomes less rare. Servants' regulations are not so numerous,—for you have ceased to pay the enormous price of England, which every traveller must contribute to pay his part, who puts his foot on English soil.

In Rotterdam there are many things worth seeing, though it is not the most interesting of the cities of Holland. It is in the line of the cities that the traveller sees, the novelty of the sight will make a deep impression upon him, no matter how much he has heard of Holland. I never shall forget what strange, warm attendes I received when, once home and by coach, gazing at the new sights, and confessed by the strange Dutch gabble-for no man can go through a single city in Holland without being accosted with the greatest respect for the Dutch character. As yet I have not seen a negro in Holland. I do not believe I shall see one. Nothing that is said of their manners, is exaggerated. They are undoubtedly the neatest people on earth—and the women seem from morning to night, scrubbing every thing—post, pillar, floor, door, street, house, tree, every thing that can be scrubbed,—and the consequence is, that even the streets are as neat as a parlour. In Leyden, they never permit the dirt to rest in peace between the crannies of the rocky pavement.* Water in the morning flies about in all directions. It is really unsafe then to venture on the streets. Ye little cupboards from which ye peep behind the windows, I am wearing about you in all directions. Scrub, scrub, scrub! you are to me nothing, and at night too,—but more particularly in the morning, when the best things of women, scrubbing. They do it with the air of people who know how to scrub. They seem to love to do it. I know more than such where there was no dirt at all. Amateur scrubbers they are, playing with a broom as the young lady plays with the strings of a harp. To all the sex well! What can a poor Hollander husband do, when when he comes home for peace, but wife begins to scrub?—I have a horror of an American washing day; my head and heart ache for those soft-eyed husbands, and therefore I do not wonder at all that their wives, pulling off their slippers as it clouds of tobacco, and then carry them themselves in an atmosphere that even scrubbing cannot touch. But smoking and scrubbing aside, and scrubbing is only a visible carried to excess.—the Dutch are a most interesting and wonderful people.

You hardly see a miserable home. I do not remember one. Though the country houses have not as many flowers as the English have, yet they are all neat and attractive. All have gardens who have grounds to make them and the prettiest gardens too. If I were called upon to point to the place where the industry of man who is the most to triumph, over obstacles where nature or and or climate seems to have impelled him, where, not the walkers-on was made in heaven like the rose,—but by means, the best I certainly should point to Holland. To say that such a people, who have done all this now so well off, so rich too, so happy in possessing all the necessaries and enjoyments of life, are a wonderful people, is but faint praise. It only illustrates the position, that the more nature does for a people, the less they are likely to do for themselves, for they are content to let the gods help gods—but where labor is necessary, and the duty is perceived, there man exerts himself and every faculty of mind or body is developed in its full extent. Thus Holland is what it is,—and thus Italy is what it is.

B.

THINGS IN HOLLAND.—No. XXXV.

AMSTERDAM, August 10, 1835.

I left Rotterdam on the 7th inst. in a Diligence—the stage coaches become Diligences now—for the Hague, only 12 or 14 miles off—after looking at all the curious things there. Rotterdam, its *Stadhouse* a Town Hall, its *Regthank* a Court of Justice, its Exchange, where the bell rings at 3 o'clock, (the Dutch merchants dining at 4 o'clock,) just five minutes, and he who is later pays 10 cents sentrance—at the East India House, the Custom House, the Dock Yard, the Groote Kerk (St. Laurent's great Kirk) in which is the tomb of the Admiral De Wet, and a huge organ—and also the statue of Erasmus in brass, clothed with the doctoral toga and holding a book in his left hand, whilst the right appears to be turning over some leaves. The statue of Erasmus is the only thing in Holland that does not shine—but this is no fault of the Dutch, for they scoured and scoured this till it appeared to shine like gold in the sunshine, so that its more delicate features were likely to be destroyed, when, with great reluctance, they discontinued the scouring and left it to the action of the weather, so that now the contrast of the dark brass with the brightness all around, must I am sure, worry the Holland mind terribly. Erasmus was born at Rotterdam. *Here rests the greate son* (here now the great sun) says the monument, that sat at Basle—but if Erasmus was as fond of retirement, as he undoubtedly was, he must have had little of it in the thoroughfare where it stands, shops crowding about him, busts near him, people busily rushing over the bridge. I saw many other things in Rotterdam—the Club Houses and Tea Gardens, where the citizens meet to enjoy themselves with various kinds of games, drinking their wine, tea or coffee, and smoking their—everlasting—pipes. Actually the broad shouldered beaus will smoke under the very nostrils of their lady loves!—and while they puff out a compliment out one side of their mouth, they will *whew, whew*, in curling clouds of smoke on the other side. The beautiful girls, and they are beautiful, take all as a matter of course, and with a not excessive Christianity thank martyr might wonder at, smile upon the authors of their affections, and admire—their long fantastic pipes! I am just in the mood now for waging war, horrid war, with all the tobacco devourers, —snuffers—quid-chewers—men with tobacco stalks in their mouths called segars, and men with clay pipes, or long china pipes projecting out—making themselves little more Vesuvius, and their mouths volcanic craters—steam locomotive going with a puff, puff, puff, over the rail road of life—incheoue, rather, with chimney outlets, vomiting out sorrowful smells. Hang them all—under the second section, if you please —for I can say nothing tougher, but I am outrageous just now, for though I have been riding in a Diligence with some of the best bred people, they would not only smoke, smoke, smoke, filling the whole coach with thick clotted smoke—but then, they would have the impudence to ask me in French, with the most civil air in the world, and the choicest phrases of that sweet language, to close the window I had opened to let out their rascally smoke—and I, yes I, would oblige them, and throw back my head as if I were trying at the stars—for when impudence becomes thus impudent, it is as very funny to see what a sacrifice a man will ask you to make of yourself, that you never think of daring to do oblige him. But I am forgetting. This broadside of mine will only blow up a hornet's nest about me at home, for America is the only country in the world, I believe, where a "gentleman" chews tobacco. Many nations smoke—but in England now, the man who values himself on his good breeding, if he smokes at all, begins to do all his smoking in secret, concealed in the practice from the eyes of the public as much as he can, as he would conceal any other obnoxious habit that the world decounces. I contend with Englishmen, when they denounce as far cleaner and nicer, that bad as the chewing is, it is not so bad as smoking, as far as other people are regarded, for the chewer keeps his tobacco quid in his mouth, whereas the smoker not only sticks his cud out as a sign to his one within, but he sends forth emanations all abroad in the form of smoke, lodging it on companies in other peoples' clothes and persons, and thus impregnating the whole atmosphere around to nearly people, as it were, of what he is doing, and thus to annoy them to the greatest extent. The next time I travel in Holland, I will carry a jar of assafœtida, and defend myself with that.

But I was going to the Hague. I left the Hotel des Pays Bas, which a "tourist" I have found out, because there the Queen of England passed a night in 1834, the air being purer I suppose over since, from the force which some English companions of mine gave to the fact,—and in a little less than three hours I was in the hotel Cour Imperial,—a sounding name, at the Hague. Here I may as well say, that there are two methods of traveling in Holland, one by land, the other by water. The latter is the cheapest, the most common, and the most agreeable, but unfortunately the *treckschuyt*, as they call the passage boat, goes so slow, that one has but little wish to try it. As the country houses of the Dutch are often, very often, if not always, when they can be well, built upon the bank of a canal, with the gardens reaching to the edge of the water, and little summer houses overhanging them, no travelling can be more agreeable than that in the *treckschuyt*, if one has enough of time, for the succession of objects is pleasure, and one can read or write at his pleasure. Not so in the Diligence, though they go quicker, and yet they do not go much over five miles an hour, for in the Diligence, you are not only pent up and compelled to take the smoke, but the Dutch have such strong objections to currents of air, that they almost always compel you to keep the windows shut, and thus you are in a little prison without the ability to see much that is around you. The Diligences are built nearly as our stage coaches are, but far more clumsy, longer, wider, larger, and heavier, though they go very well over the brick-paved, and brick-arched roads, which have no ascent or descent any where in the low country, unless passing over a bridge. The expense of motion is cheap, quite cheap—cheaper than in England, and cheaper than in the coaches of the United States, particularly in the Passage Boats, even if you engage a passage in what is called the *roef*, the number called toward the stern, where you will be less smoked, not that the people do not smoke there, but that there are fewer persons there to smoke you. In these treckschuyts, the drivers of the horses, at every change express about a stiver—and this driver has in the Holland language the very musical name of hetgagente. With this information as to the means of traveling, I will again take you back to the Hague, or at least, the road to the Hague.

The villages out of Rotterdam—a little distance from the canal, as the commonly are—are very pretty. I like the quiet of the Dutch better than the sombre houses of England, which "antiquity" and the evil smoke of an English city has made so "venerable." In this respect the Dutch so much resemble us, or rather we resemble them. The country seats are scattered all along the road, and from the road,—many of them very charming, all neat and pretty.—We passed through Delft, where Grotius was born and buried. I had just time enough to look at the monument of William 1st, Prince of Orange, when, with its various devices, trophies, escutcheons, &c. is worth going a little out of your way to see. The ride from the Delft to the Hague is more than pleasant.—The houses, gardens, walks, seats, little manufactured hills are all pretty. But the Dutch like the Americans will regularly plant their trees, forgetting that when thus planted in rows, they look as if they were planted, and forced to grow, "on purpose," as it were, whereas the English understand this better, and study the position of a tree, so as to adorn nature, selecting the choicest location, training and educating it, with as much care as a parent would train a child, never violating nature, but always assisting it, and thus making one of their parks not a *made* paradise, but cheating you into the belief that nature has bequeathed them one of her own hardy works. I cannot too much admire this charming taste of the English gentry, for they, it is, who make old England such a series of landscapes, of which the eye is never wearied. "To have a view," "to choose a view," "a fine view," even the poorest Englishman seeks after in the location of his house, or the acting out of a tree;—but sometimes, I will confess this passion for views, appears in a most unmanly, and no less amusing way, for I remember that the last night I spent in London, there was a great fire not far from my lodgings in Jermyn street, and that the crowds and crowds of people were all out, and that the crowds

From the Portland Advertiser.

BROOK'S LETTERS.

No. XXXVI.

COLOGNE, (on the Rhine,) Aug. 12.

To reach this city on the Rhine, the famous one, most famous in history, but most famous of all—which drives what fame of itself is worth—for its *eau de Cologne*, a water known all over Christendom in every boudoir, and at every dressing table of man or woman—now the travelling companions, in the pocket, the trunk, or the toilette case—anon in the sprinkled kerchief, entering all societies, the court, the palace, or the humbler saloon—to reach this city, I say, *thus* famous, I have made a long and rapid stride over all Holland, longitudinally too, with a dash upon the Prussian dominions, making in travelling what in France would be called a *coupde main*, or in plainer English, or American rather, "going ahead." The truth is, I was rather weary at being off, so far away, from the general route of English travellers on the Rhine, and wanting to hear a little English once more, I determined to see how quickly I could fall upon their route at Cologne; for at this season of the year the English swarm, yes literally swarm, up and down the Rhine, and there is very little to remind you in the conversation your host, that you are not in England.

I left Amsterdam on the afternoon of the 10th, after looking at its churches, the Exchange, its charitable institutions, some of its literary and scientific institutions, all of which are interesting, but the description of which would weary you,—and at the Royal Palace particularly, and to be one of the noblest structures in Europe, full of paintings and sculpture, with one magnificent hall, around which are hung the standards and trophies taken by the Dutch. By midnight I was in Utrecht, going up the canal in that city, and making as pleasant a journey as I ever made in my life.—Our passage boat was drawn by two horses, which were often changed, and we therefore moved with almost as much rapidity as we should have moved in a diligence. Many, very many, hundreds, of the country houses of the Dutch were passed, with their pleasant walks and gardens, and trees, and the little summer sitting houses of a circular or octagon form, full of windows, built on the margin of the canal, and intended as sitting-rooms for the inmates of the neighboring house, where they could observe the passage and burden boats upon the canal. The moon shone brightly at times, and houses and trees were reflected from the clear waters of the canal, while our boat glided softly along, and thus presented a constant change of objects and scenery. I could not fancy a more delightful mode or time for journeying, and so far from being in a hurry to reach the end of the route, I was not glad when it was finished. The only companions I had were an English family, the father of which had evidently forbidden his daughter to speak with any one who used the English language,—for in his presence she was as dumb with me as a rock, while she would talk fast enough when he was out of the way, or fast enough when he was present, but then only in French, with some Dutchmen whom we had on board, whose "yah, yah, yah," for yes ever recurring, evidently showed that they talked with more ease in Dutch than in the French they were attempting to use.

The morning of the 11th I was up with the sun, walked over Utrecht, through its narrow and unbroad streets, and around its walls, and canals, but I saw nothing remarkable, though I made near a two hour's ramble, and, therefore, after a hurried breakfast, I took a seat in a Diligence, with my face towards Cologne. I was the only passenger, and after I had well escaped from the environs of Utrecht, which are very pretty, I found the road dull enough for miles and miles,—always paved, however, with brick, and always lined with trees, where trees would grow. At the another Diligence from another road which ran into mine, gave me two companions, one a crazy-headed Dutch girl and the other not much sobered; and never was such a gabble kept up as they kept up all the day—of course to me unintelligible, as I understood about as much of it as I should understand of the discourse of the Choctaw Indians. At last I ventured upon an acquaintance, and then I found that one of them spoke French about as well as I did, so that by means of signs we could exchange an idea or two, —while the other contributed to make up in faces and fingers what she wanted in words; so that we at last became the most interesting companions in the world, and it is impossible to say how much of love and romance there might have been in such pantomime as this, if some cruel fate had not sent us at last upon different roads.

Arnheim was one of the large towns we passed. I had but a peep at it through the windows of the Diligence, and on we went to Nimeguen, where we crossed the river on a bridge of boats overlaid with plank, the like of which there is also in Cologne, and, I am told, all along the Rhine. I never shall forget the fuss that was here made in this, the frontier town of Holland. A swaimed stopped our Diligence at the bridge, the fiery whiskered officer bristling all over his mouth and neck with unshorn hair, demanded my passport, and as I gave it up, I was marched under the escort of two soldiers, armed and equipped, perhaps to shoot if I ran away, to the Police-office, with a *commissionaire* at my heels to lead me back to the Hotel after the Police was done with me. The Police signed my passport, gazed at the stray American Eagle, took me at first for a black Prussian Eagle-man I dare say,—and then permitted me to go on. I take all these things very kindly. The *mi admirani* is all gone. I do not wonder at any thing at all. If the soldiers had taken me to a dungeon with the like formality, I should have looked upon it as a part of the play, and when they had done with me, expect to be let out again as a matter of course. Indeed I am very much in the situation of the new fellow who, when aiming up the feet of a company in a room so overcrowded that the sailors broke, and thus precipitated headlong into the cellar, cried out amid the groans and howls of those around him, "Oh never mind, this is but part of the play—the corporal will soon take us back again!" Every move I make I see these European conjurors perform some new feat—but nothing surprises me. I look upon all as a matter of course. The chief surprise I have, is that the people look like the rest of the world —are dressed just the same—are fond of the same amusements,—with women and children just as pretty, and just as happy, and just as good I dare say, all the world over,—and then I go on and moralize upon the variety of communities there are in this big world, —of social relations, too, and of pleasure and delight, of which we never thought or dreamed. I never felt before that when Bonaparte was *spreading* devastation and slaughter over these fair European fields, he was bringing sorrow and death to these women here, and these children there, who loved their husbands or their parents as much as an American loves his. It was a beautiful summer evening this, I passed Nimeguen in. The people were all abroad, it seemed, on their delightful promenade. The loud jovial laugh was here,—and the playful chattering child was there. Here was a group under the trees, and there, in a little walk or garden, another group, at tea—or drinking some Rhenish wines in the open air, with fruits beside them, and amid the music of the birds. How could I but fancy that I was at home, seeing in each circles the joy that has a kindred feeling in every bosom,—but the fancy was immediately dispelled as another officer demanded my passport, and after reading it, bade the Diligence "go on," shut the gate of the *walled city*. I thank God, not only that we have no such thing in America, but no need of it, and I trust and know we never shall, so long as our Union stands, and the Government consults the good of the whole, not of a part or party, for then the best wall will be the hearts of all the citizens, and no passport necessary, for it would be madness to attempt to overthrow what all adore. I wish I could show my countrymen all the soldiers here,—so thick here too, and garrisoning every little town,—with their bayonets, and bastions and forts, and bristling cannon, not if now—in Peace—the legions of an enemy were thundering at the gates,—the drum rolling too, the bugle sounding from afar,—the rattle of drums on every side,—and the ventured, here, and there, and every where, with his gun and bayonet, pacing his usual round, as if all was war, war, war. What a lesson it would teach them! How happy would they be that they were free from those maxims of despotism! How they would value that happiness! How jealous they would be of its violation! However alive to preserve it! With what fierce wrath would they swear vengeance against Power, unauthorized, illegal, power in every form! I hate,—I abhor Power—its very name. The less of government the better, if we have just the quantum to keep us in order. Our cursed vices seem to have made it necessary that we should be ridden and robbed. I am becoming an anarchist, I fear. Such spectacles as these in this charming land quite unhinge my judgment. But look out, look out—men will be despots, if years look enough to let them. In all ages of the world, men have loved to take some conqueror on their backs, and some told fool, and as their gushed sides would spout with blood, the asses have brayed and brayed, and blessed the savages that spurred them. God grant that we may be wiser, and profit by it.

I did not stop long to look at Nimeguen, though it was the Roman Noviomagum, and though Julius Cæsar built a palace here, which Charlemagne inhabited. I was not in the humour to like Julius Cæsar, and the Roman legions were only plundering rascals to come thus far from Rome to disturb the then quiet people in their forests. I pushed on to Cleves, and for miles we rode over a beautiful country, with as tempting fields as man can covet. By ten o'clock P. M. we were in Cleves, and as we were now on Prussian ground, our passports must go through the Police again. The Dutch too was wearing away, and the German tongue had come. Guilders and stivers were talked of no more, but thalers and groshens had come. I was in the happiest state of confusion that ever man was in, hearing every thing and understanding nothing. I was raving hungry, for I had not had time to eat a meal, only to take a nibble, since early morning, —but if I ate, I did not know how to pay, and hungry as I was I did not know how to ask for food. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and when a man can make his signs, and can back them with a prospect of pay, there is no danger of starving in the Prussian dominions. A generous supper with Rhenish wine, for wine is the table drink here as cider is with us, quite put me in the humour for a night campaign in a Prussian diligence. I engaged a passage, and never did I see things better managed. The Schnell Post, as is called the Prussian Mail Coach, is under the control of the government, and is managed by the Post Masters or the civil authorities; you have given you a ticket for the journey, with the number of the place you have engaged in the coach, and the seats are all numbered,—and in the late you pay, as is stated in the ticket given you, which, by the way, is printed in German, English, French, is included also "drink money" to the postboy, so much a German mile, who with the guard is forbidden on pain of dismissal to make any demand of money from the traveller. Your luggage is weighed, and you are allowed 20 pounds free, and no more without paying for it—and the safe transfer of it is guaranteed in your ticket. No smoking is allowed in the coaches.

This is remarkable here. Dogs, you are not to be pestered with as coach companions—lady lapdogs pestered with as coach companions—lady lapdogs and New foundland mastiffs. A drunken fellow is just not New foundland mastiffs. A drunken fellow is just nor New foundland mastiffs. A drunken fellow is just nor New foundland mastiffs. A drunken fellow is just nor tripped overboard by the way-side,—and at every post-office a book is kept for travellers to register all complaints, which are most rigidly attended to. Hence when the postilion mounts his horse, the postilion, as in uniform, as grand a man as his Majesty owns, and the bugle sounds—off you go, not fast to be sure, but as regularly as clock work,—plodding, plodding, plodding,—with a cry taunty, however, that you will arrive at the journey's end not one moment after the specified time. In such a "Schnell Post" I went from Cleves to Cologne, or Colyn, as they spell it here, and pronounce it too, sleeping comfortably all night, aroused only now and then as the conductor sounded his bugle when he approached a post station. I do not know what towns we passed through, and it don't matter much.

Nesse, however, was passed—the Novesium or Novæ Castra of the Romans, which in Tacitus' time was close to the bank of the Rhine, but which is now half a league from it, so much has the course of the river changed. I did not tarry long to look over this city, so memorable in ancient history, and memorable in modern too, since here the allies in 1813 effected their first passage over the Rhine. All about in the country, one sight impresses me as very odd, and that is, fields, wide broad-spread fields of the extent of miles and miles, without a single fence, or any apparent bound to mark the division of property. There are no fences here on the roads or between estates.—All is open, as if for every body, and as if all belonged to one man. Hence, though the harvest is coming in, and the fields shine like gold with a yellow, delicious color, varied on every patch of earth almost, yet the want of fences make a desolation, as it were, in my untutored eyes; and I am quite sure that in the winter such boundless unobstructed areas must be horrid indeed. Mulheim was opposite us. Over the Rhine here, Cæsar threw a wooden bridge, and before the Christian era! What a sense of antiquity an American has when he first casts his eyes over fields thus memorable in ancient days! And how much is his impression of the Roman power heightened when he sees the Rhine here as in Cæsar's day, but banked with forests and filled with wild men—the Rhine, so many hundred miles from Rome, where the Roman legions penetrated sweeping all before them, building castles, bridges and cities, and, though they brought the battle-axe, bringing art and civilization with it.

The towers and steeples of Cologne were soon in sight, at the head of a noble expanse of water, bordering by a rich and beautiful country on both its margins. Anon we passed the massive walls of terrible height—at the gate we entered. Our dogcarts lumbered and tumbled along through many a crooked and narrow street, and by 3 o'clock P. M. I was in the Cologne Hof—for they call public houses *Hofs* here—brushing, rubbing and washing to get off the dust gathered by my long ride. When I went down to the *Salle*—the public eating and eating room—I heard English enough from men and women, and the waiters spoke English too, so that I fancied I was in England, as I could now once more with ease use my tongue. A London newspaper quite completed my felicity as I sat down to dinner; though I made horrid faces at some German dishes, as sour and so spiced up that I could not divine what they were—relish, however, being always afforded by a draught of Rhenish wine, which is put upon the table here as water is with us. B.

Saturday Evening Post.

DECEMBER 26, 1835.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The article on the Schools of Bucks County shall appear in our next. The subject alluded to, is one of deep interest, and cannot be pressed, too earnestly, on the attention of our citizens.

The Reminiscences of the Revolution, furnished us by M. will be published shortly.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SCHOLAR'S COMPANION.—This work, which is on the basis of "Butler's Etymological Spelling book and Expositor," is intended for a guide to the orthography, pronunciation and derivation of the English language.—It contains, under distinct classes, lists of words of similar pronunciation, and various orthography and meaning, words susceptible of several definitions, and words classed according to their derivation, from the Latin, Greek and French root. The book appears to have been compiled with much care and attention, and it is unquestionably a very useful publication for school's and seminaries.

NOBLE DEEDS OF WOMEN.—Carey, Lea & Blanchard have just published a work in two volumes, under this title. It embraces anecdotes and incidents of females of various ages and countries, who have distinguished themselves by striking evidences of the virtues belonging to their sex, and particularly in acts of affection, integrity, benevolence, courage, gratitude and patriotism. Very honorable mention is also made of many ladies who have contributed to the cause of science, and the promotion of the arts. The work is well executed, and presents a record in the highest degree creditable to the sex.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.—Another number, the fifth, of the valuable series of works, known as the "Bridgewater Treatises," has just been published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. It is devoted to the subject of "Animal and Vegetable Physiology, considered with reference to Natural Theology," and occupies two large octavo volumes, which are embellished with nearly 500 wood cuts, in illustration of the text.

The subject of this work, in accordance with the will of the Earl of Bridgewater, under which the Bridgewater treatises have been written, is to *enforce* the great truths of Natural Theology, by adducing those evidences of the power, wisdom and goodness of God, which are manifested in the living creation. In the fulfilment of this design, the whole phenomena of animal life, in their infinitely varied forms of organization, are placed before the reader, classified, analised and most ably discussed. The treatise is from the pen of Dr. Roget, one of the most eminent scientific men of Great Britain, whose labors in this work appear to have been very happily directed. We can conceive of no study more interesting and profitable than that of Physiology, in reference to the power, wisdom and goodness of God, and to all who feel any interest in this branch of science, the present comprehensive and learned work, will be a most valuable acquisition.

The KNICKERBOCKER for December has been received. It closes the sixth volume, and is printed in the neatest manner, upon new type, and fine white paper, and is embellished with a most beautiful engraved title-page, from the graver of Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Edson. It has many original articles in prose and verse, many of them—indeed, nearly all—of a high order of merit. It is equal, fully, to the November number, although the Sedwicks, Cooper, Marryatt, author of "Peter Simple," Mr. Colton, who wrote "Four years in Great Britain," and Mr. Schoolcraft, were among the contributors to that number. The Knickerbocker is a magazine of a very high character, and deserves its excellent reputation.

The Knickerbocker, in speaking of Paul Ulric, says —"The author of this work makes it his *debut* as a novelist; and those who discuss its pages will find that he possesses, in a good degree, some of the peculiarly requisite merits of a writer of interesting fiction. He has an easy and pleasing facility of grouping adventures and incidents; that sort of tact which made Defoe's fanciful volumes so like the record of truth, and which crowded the pages of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister with beings of mind, so like to life that we can scarcely deem the work other than a veritable record of actual scene and circumstances. Paul Ulric seems indeed to be in many respects an autobiographer; and few who may be interested (as many readers will be) in his history, will imagine that it is purely the coinage of an imaginative brain. The work has that in it which will repay an encouraging purchase; and as it is the first positive attempt of the author in bookmaking, we can conscientiously promise him, that with requisite method and care, he can hardly fail hereafter of achieving a reputation upon which he can look with both profit and pleasure."

The following is a copy of a memorial, now in circulation for signatures in this city, and in other parts of the state, praying for a legislative enactment to encourage the manufacture of domestic silk.

PENNSYLVANIA SILK COMPANY.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met.

The Petition of the Subscribers respectfully represents:—

That the introduction of the extensive cultivation of Mulberry trees for food for Silk Worms, for the production of Silk, and its manufacture by the most approved methods, would be highly beneficial to the interests of the citizens of the state of Pennsylvania. The consumption of Silk manufactured in France and imported from thence, into the United States, exceeds millions of dollars; and large quantities are also brought from other countries. This article of ornament and usefulness is peculiarly, and most advantageously, the product of FREE LABOUR; and every farmer may, by planting Mulberry trees and procuring Silk from the Silk Worm, not only obtain a large profit, without any additional expense in cultivating his farm; but in the operation of reeling the Silk from the cocoons, employment will be furnished for his domestic circle in the winter season, a period of comparative inactivity.

The general substitution and common use of manufactures from Cotton, for those of Flax and of Wool, has left the wives and daughters of our farmers in a manner unemployed. The busy hum of the spinning wheel is no longer, or seldom heard; but the introduction of the Silk reel will again revive those home avocations, with greater profit and more entire Employment at the domestic fire side, will take the place of that which is now found in crowded manufactories, and in speculations, sometimes, of doubtful advantage to morals.

In other states of the Union the culture of Silk and its manufacture, are extensively encouraged by legislative protection. Should not Pennsylvania adopt similar measures to foster and promote them? Her agriculture is a proud example for that of other parts of the Union. In the production of Silk she has only to resolve it; and she will equal, if not exceed, that of any of her sister states. Her soil and climate are particularly appropriate for growing the Mulberry tree.—A happy medium between the long and cold winters of the Northern states, and the early and warm springs of the South, gives to us the best means for the production and management of Silk Worms, and to obtain larger quantities of Silk of superior kinds.

While it is admitted that, in time, individual enterprise and capital will be successfully directed to the Silk culture in our state; it is respectfully claimed that this would be most advantageously accelerated by the incorporation of a company for this purpose. Your petitioners ask no monopoly. They solicit no more than the means, by a systematized and concerted action, of exhibiting and proving the value of a certain mode of employing the industry and enterprise of all their fellow citizens. Large numbers of Mulberry trees would be raised by the company, so that the farmers and Pennsylvania might procure them at a cheap rate; the eggs of the Silk Worm would be preserved for general use in great abundance; the best methods of managing the Silk Worm for the production of Silk would be employed; the most approved process of reeling and manufacturing Silk would be used. Such an establishment would become a school for the instruction of young persons in all the knowledge of the most profitable production and manufacture; and thus the art of Silk culture and manufacture would become accurately known to all, and would become the property of all. It should be made obligatory on any company which may be created by legislative enactment, to receive a certain number of pupils from the youth of each county in the state, without any expense; to whom all the arts of producing Silk, and manufacturing it, should be taught. The company should be obliged to establish nurseries for the growing of Mulberry trees in different sections of the commonwealth, so that all the farmers of the state should be able to procure them.

Influenced by these considerations, your petitioners respectfully pray that a company may be incorporated, to be called the "Pennsylvania Silk Company," with an adequate capital for the cultivation of the Mulberry tree, and the production and manufacture of Silk.

COMMUNICATED.

Washington National Monument Society.

The inhabitants of Gloucester, Salem, Cumberland and Cape May, New Jersey, are informed that John M. Brown, Esq. of Salem, N. J. has been appointed by the Washington National Monument Society, to collect funds in those counties, to erect a monument to the memory of Washington, in Washington city. —and that the collection will be commenced in a few weeks, for the above purpose.

This privilege of paying a just tribute to the memory of our beloved Washington, will, perhaps never again be presented. It is not in behalf of ordinary greatness that the appeal is about to be made. It has been determined that every individual in the United States, who will, may participate in rendering this slight tribute to the memory of the "Father of his Country." All will thus have an opportunity to contribute, but no person will be permitted to give more than *one dollar*. This plan of operation renders the undertaking truly national;—affords a chance for all classes to co-operate; and, ultimately, the proof satisfaction will be shared in common, by rich and poor, that they have done something towards testifying their respect for the exalted character of their beloved Washington.

COMMUNICATED.

MR. EDITOR.—As there are undoubtedly many farmers in the vicinity of this city, who would turn their attention to the cultivation of the silk worm, the ensuing summer, if they were certain of a favourable opportunity of disposing of them, I beg leave through your valuable paper, to mention that such an opportunity will be offered the ensuing season. Due notice will be given of the place where they can be disposed of, on as favorable terms as elsewhere.

Yours &c. X. Y.

COMMUNICATED.

An article entitled "Awful Calculation," in your paper of the 4th, contains many errors, which it may be worth while to correct.

The earth has existed according to the Mosaic account, nearly 6000 years. Allowing 30 years to a generation there have lived and died, supposing the earth to have been always as populous as it is at present, 200 generations; 200 times 1,000,000,000, that is 200,000,000,000 persons have been buried. I do not take into account the greater length of life before the deluge—nor make any deduction for the time necessary to repeople the earth, which had been depopulated by that awful display of God's wrath against national tyranny, and "violence," as respecting the former we do not certainly know how it affected the populousness of the globe, and the latter would not materially change the result.

Taking the other data of the author as correct, though I think them much too small, there are 4,258,173,900,000 square rods of land on the surface of the earth. Dividing by the number of inhabitants, 200,000,000,000, gives something more than 24 square rods for each person, therefore our globe, so far from having been dug over 100 times, as this calculator asserts, has not been dug over once; nor will it be if the world stands so long, until 480 times (12X24, allowing 12 graves to a square rod) as many inhabitants as have ever lived shall have been laid in their graves.

The lesson of mortality taught by the grave yard filled with the remains of past generations, which have loved and enjoyed for their hour, the pleasures of vanity, needs not any exaggerated tale to increase its terrors to the thoughtless beings who live as if the same cold grave would not soon devour them, as it has untold generations before.

COMMUNICATED.

"THE DEVIL'S TO PAY."—In my researches a short time since among some "old chronicles," I stumbled on the following, as being the origin of the above old saying, which I have no doubt will prove new in many of the readers of the Saturday Evening Post.—"A manor painter, not celebrated as being very punctual, on a Saturday evening in the payment of his hands, after various excuses and promises, which had nearly exhausted their patience and good humor, at last, by some means or other, collected enough of the rhino, as he supposed, to clear accounts. After the not very agreeable process of settling-off had been gone through with, which left his pockets as dry as his men's had been a few minutes before, he closed his book; and with a heavy sigh, was about placing it in his desk, when his arm was gently touched—turning his head, he met the downcast gaze of a ragged, ink-besmeared boy, who pronounced in a feeble voice, which was echoed by his *master*—" *The Devil's to Pay!*"

S. H. B.

"THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD."

About 7 o'clock on Sunday evening, as Alderman Ferris was passing along Bayard street, he found lying on the sidewalk a young female of *considerable* personal beauty, about 24 years of age, dressed in a most elegant and costly manner. Supposing her to be some unfortunate victim of remorseless lust, who had sought a temporary forgetfulness of her shame and misery in intoxication, the Alderman sent for Mr. Inspector McGrath, to assist him in making some suitable disposal of the helpless unfortunate. Mr. McGrath, accompanied by officer Dooly, repaired to the spot, and in the prostrate woman recognized a somewhat celebrated sister of frailty, named Adeline Miller, whose home he knew to be at No. 23 Elizabeth street—a house of ill-new virtue kept by a woman named Skillman. The officers had also learned that Adeline had of late been in the habit of resorting to laudanum for the purpose of stupifying her naturally acute sensibilities; and apprehending she had either by accident or design, swallowed a greater quantity of the drug than her system could sustain, they were impressed with the belief that her present situation was owing to no operation, and that it would most probably terminate her life. Under these impressions they deemed it an act of humanity to convey her home, rather than to the watch house, to do, if their apprehensions were correct, or to recover, if her situation was not so critical as they feared.

For this purpose they procured a hand cart in the neighbourhood, and in it conveyed the inanimate creature to her home at Skillman's; but upon their informing that detestable hag of their suspicions, she peremptorily refused to allow her to be brought into her house, although she had for months been receiving $15 a week for her board. The officers, thus repulsed, then conveyed the miserable creature to the door of a house in Reed street, No. 133, kept by a woman named Davis, whom they knew had also profited largely by the ruin and degradation of poor Adeline; but on making known their errand and the situation of their burden, to the depraved and heartless old reprobate, who vouchsafed to answer to their application through a window, her always repulsive and disgusting countenance became doubly distorted by rage, and with curses and blasphemy she refused to be troubled with the apparently dying unfortunate upon whose prostitution she had fed and fattened! Thus repulsed, the humane officers had no alternative but to convey the inanimate and apparently expiring girl to the watch house, where every thing calculated to render to her benefit was done for her, and in the morning she was taken over to Bridewell. The proper attention she received at the watch house, aided by the natural strength of her system, overcame the effects of the most of inebriating liquors and laudanum under the deadly influences of which she was found perishing in the street, sufficiently to snatch her from immediate death, and towards evening the next day she was discharged by the magistrate with a severe admonition against the evil of her ways, but which probably came too late to prevent her from again resorting to the same wickedness of practice which had brought her so nearly to the gate of death.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"*Epiphany.*"—We have heard it stated that the Church of Epiphany, in Chesnut above Broad street, has recently received an accession to its funds, amounting to upwards of $20,000, by the sale of pews and vaults: a sum equal to the principal demand against the building, the ground rent and a permanent loan of $15,000 only remaining. The remaining pews will, when sold, liquidate the whole claim, and thus an ornament to that portion of the city, and a means of much good will be supplied by the liberal enterprise of a few citizens.—*U. S. Gaz.*

The italic letter was invented in imitation of the careless hand writing of Petrarch.

Note—The black blocks are those destroyed by the fire. The X shows the point where the fire commenced.

THE LATE AWFUL CONFLAGRATION IN NEW YORK.

The intense interest excited in this vicinity by the late destructive conflagration in New York, which has laid in ashes several hundred valuable edifices, and destroyed an unprecedented amount of merchandize and property, has induced us to procure an engraving, giving a diagram of the streets and blocks so fearfully visited by the destructive element. We gave, in the second edition of our last paper, a horrid account of the fire, but for the information of our distant readers, we deem it expedient to append a more detailed synopsis, from the New York papers, of the prominent incidents which took place during the conflagration.

The fire commenced about 9 o'clock in the evening of Wednesday of last week, in the store of Comstock and Andrews, 25 Merchant street, near the Exchange, and in twenty minutes, says the New Yorker, the whole block of wholesale stores, in the very centre of the mercantile business of the city, was in a blaze, and the destroying element was rapidly extending its ravages in every direction. It would be vain to attempt giving the distant reader an idea of the spectacle presented. The weather had been unusually severe for several days; but on the night in question the cold had increased to an intensity which has seldom been exceeded. The thermometer stood below zero; with a breeze from the N. N. W. amounting nearly to a gale; and the fire had obtained a tremendous advantage in the most compactly and lofthy built portion of the city, filled with silks, cloths, liquors, and other combustibles, as it intersected only by narrow streets which could interpose no barrier to the progress of the flames. The rally of the Fire Department was not made with its accustomed alacrity, owing to the unparalleled severity of the weather, and to the fact that there had been so many alarms within the week, and so large an amount of harassing service required of the firemen.

The effort to check the ravages of the conflagration in the quarter to which the wind was vehemently urging it proved utterly unavailing. The water so plenteously thrown upon it by hydrants and engines was blown back in the faces and fell congealed at the feet of the firemen, or seemed only to add to the fury of the elements. William-street was passed—Pearl-street overleaped—next Water-street—then Front—and the very shipping in the docks of the East River was endangered, and only saved by strenuous exertions, and its removal into the stream. No barrier but that of Na ure could be interposed on the East; and it was with great difficulty that the fire could be prevented from extending its ravages across Wall-street. The Tontine building (Hudson's News-Room) was indeed once on fire, but happily extinguished. The extraordinary strength of the Wall-street buildings—many of them resisting firmly the assaults of the destroyer, and none of the walls crumbling and falling into the street, as is too generally the case—did more for the safety of those north of the street than any thing within the power of human effort. For hours, it was doubtful that the flames could be arrested here —and if not, there was little hope that they could be before reaching Maiden-lane!

Onward—still onward, swept the besom of destruction! The hydrants were exhausted—the engines had long been frozen up, with their hose like cannon Westward, the South Dutch Church, which had been made the hasty depository of stores of precious goods, was in flames, which threatened to ex end to Broadway throughout. On the South, a desperate struggle was made at Hanover-square; but it was successful. How could such an avalanche of fire be checked, when water could not be thrown upon it, and seemed of no avail when it was? At last resort was had to gunpowder—but none, in sufficient quantities, was to be procured in the city—not being allowed as an article of merchandize. An application to the Fort on Governor's Island was unsuccessful; but a supply was ultimately procured after daylight from the Navy-Yard, Brooklyn, with a corps of mariners, &c. and the demolition of a few buildings contributed materially to the subjugation of the flames, which was finally effected at Coenties-slip, about noon of Thursday after an awful and uninterrupted devastation of fifteen hours.

We shall not attempt to give a statement of individual losses; a bare catalogue of the sufferers would fill a column. Seventeen of the most valuable blocks of buildings in New-York are totally destroyed, and three others nearly so. The Merchant's Exchange is destroyed, including the Post-Office. *Six hundred and seventy* buildings have been burnt, principally occupied as importing and wholesale stores many of them by such firms as Arthur Tappan & Co. Bailey, Keeler & Kennedy, &c. &c. with a stock of goods, even at this season, of $300,000 each.—The south side of Wall-street is half destroyed; William, Pearl, Water, Front and South-streets, from Wall-street to Coenties-slip, are in ruins; Exchange-place, Hanover-st. Merchant-st. and Hanover-square, entirely destroyed; Stone-st. from Pearl to Broad-st. nearly so. Some of the buildings on Broad-street were slightly injured; but throughout the night this noble avenue was universally regarded as the only efficient barrier against the entire destruction of the First Ward.

Of the six large morning papers, only two escaped the general wreck—the Mercantile and the Courier & Enquirer. The Daily Advertiser, Journal of Commerce, and Gazette, were burnt out of both printing and publication offices; the Times of printing office only. The American, among the evening papers, is entirely destroyed.—All Mr. Minor's periodicals—Rail-Road Journal, Mechanics' Magazine, &c. &c. are included in the wreck. The printers of the Knickerbocker also. The other periodicals of the city were mainly exempted from immediate suffering.

We cannot pretend to give an estimate of the total loss occasioned by this dreadful calamity. *Fifteen millions of dollars* seems the average of current opinions, but we esteem it decidedly too low. The Insurance Companies are generally ruined—some will not pay fifty per cent. There is, however, a considerable amount insured in Boston and other cities.

Every measure has been taken to alleviate the pressure of this affective dispensation. A meeting of the Common Council was immediately held—several apartments in the City Hall appropriated to the use of the merchants and other sufferers—the city watch doubled—and a volunteer guard of one thousand citizens called out for the protection of the city—the firemen being completely exhausted, incendiaries and plunderers still plentiful in every street; their appetites sharpened by success—and city insurance being no longer worth any thing.

From the N. York Star of Thursday.

It is almost impossible to determinate the goods which lay on each side of the pavement in every direction and in every street in the first ward. All kinds and descriptions of dry goods, groceries, hardware, furniture, desks, books and papers, are huddled together almost without owners. On South street, the wharves are crowded with casks, crates, chests, pipes, hogsheads, &c. all of which we fear are burnt. As they were rolled out for safety and the engines could not approach the stores, we fear the whole is destroyed. Several houses were blown up by the marines, by order of the Mayor, with powder brought from the Navy Yard, which was necessary to arrest the progress of the flames.

To enumerate the particular individual losses is impossible—as an example, one merchant had in silks alone $300,000, which were destroyed—another $200,000, in teas and brandies. Many who were prosperous and happy last night are to-day bankrupts, utterly ruined.

Plundering at the Fire.—As usual, those miscreants who always avail themselves of such opportunities to plunder their neighbors, did not neglect the present occasion to do so. The extent of their depredations, and the number of robbers who committed them, was commensurate with that of the conflagration itself. More than ninety robbers were taken in the act of carrying away property during the night of the fire, and the ensuing day, nearly two hundred more were arrested for having in their possession, property which was stolen from the fire. The rooms of the Police office are filled with articles of almost every description, which were taken from thieves, and the value of which is probably little less than $10,000.

It is computed that a quarter of a mile square of brick and mortar in the first ward, is entirely levelled to the ground.

The Post Office is removed in the lower floor of the Custom House, in Cedar street. All the mails, letters, and every kind of property belonging to the Post Office, were saved by the praiseworthy exertions of the Post master and his clerks, who were on the spot throughout the night.

The appearance of the Exchange this morning is that of a venerable ruin: the broken shafts of its white columns—the crumbling, delicate cornices, scarcely smeared on their tottering capitals, connected with the half-burnt edifices, broken walls and general scene of havoc every where peering through the volumes of smoke, might well cause one to imagine that he was in the midst of the smouldering relics of some ancient city, rather than in that young and prosperous queen of commerce which yesterday was the metropolis of the western world.

And among the ruins, not the least to be lamented, was the loss of that splendid statue of Hamilton, which towering brightly amidst the sea of flames that dashed against its crackling base, cast a mournful glance on the terrific scene and then fell nobly, perishing under the crash of the edifice of which it had been as it were, the tutelary genius.

The handsome church of the Rev. Dr. Matthews, Garden street, along while resisted the mass of flames in their course towards Broad street. The bright gold ball and star above it on the highest point of the spire, gleamed brilliantly, and still while they were lash shining on the deep blue canopy, with an intensity of splendor, which attracted general remark, gave one spire and fell in all their glory into the heap of chaos beneath them.

A man was caught in the act of setting fire to the house at the corner of Stone and Broad streets. It is scarcely possible to conceive, that there could exist such a fiend as this in human shape, without supposing him to be either a maniac or drunk with liquor. It would seem, however, to have been done with a diabolical design, when it is considered that the fearful apprehensions of the whole of that part of the city were directed to this point, least the fire would cross it and reach the Battery.

In that unusually large space, called Hanover Square, where every body thought the goods piled there would be perfectly safe, there was accumulated from the stock of all the French stores a mass of silks, satins, laces, cartons of dresses, capes, Cashmere shawls, and the richest kinds of fancy articles, forming a pile of 150 feet wide by 25 feet in height, or nearly 300 feet square. In a few minutes afterwards a gust of flame, like a streak of lightning, came from the N. E. corner building, and shooting across the square, blown by the strong wind and set fire to the entire mass, which it in a few moments consumed to cinders, and then communicated to the houses opposite.

The weather was so intensely cold that the firemen were compelled to take the fine blankets saved, and cutting a hole through them, convert them into temporary cloaks, in which they were seen at daylight dragging home their engines, many of them so exhausted by fatigue that they were asleep as they walked. One entire company, thus accoutred, had artificial wreaths, and bunches of artificial flowers, of the richest kind, in their caps, taken from the wreck of matter, and presenting a very singular contrast with their begrimed faces and jaded appearance

Our city owes its thanks to the officers and soldiers of the 3d and 9th regiments, and to the light infantry companies for their patrol during the night that succeeded the fire. Also, to the conduct of the marines from the navy yard, and U. S. soldiers from Governor's Island, in protecting property in the neighbourhood of the fire.

The striking advantage of rail roads, especially at this season when every thing is locked up in ice, was never more emphatically demonstrated, than in the instance of the late fire engines from Newark, N. J., nine miles distant, where the same locomotive that early on Thursday morning carried out the news of the fire, brought these engines on their platform waiting in an hour afterwards to the city. Their services were eminently useful.

A novel spectacle occurred on the night of the fire at the head of one of the slips. A large quantity of turpentine piled up in barrels caught the flames and burst with great fury, being as is well known, one of the most inflammable substances that there is. It ran down in a stream like burning lava into the dock upon the surface, and spread out until it had reached several hundred yards into the river, being lighter than water and therefore floating upon it, giving the appearance of the river being on fire.

In some of the Iron Chests, the bank bills, papers, notes, &c. were perfectly unscathed. In others they were totally destroyed.

It is supposed that a thousand baskets of champagne were broken and destroyed, the tops being unceremoniously knocked off and the contents drank up by the crowds surrounding the fire and working, and who were thus enabled to obtain protection against the excessive cold. An immense quantity of baskets of champagne were seen floating in the docks, and cheese and provisions seen scattered there and above the slips.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The prospect continues to grow more cheering.—It is believed that all the insurance companies will be able to pay in full, or nearly so and most of them will also be able to go on. The Eagle, Fulton, United States, Bowery, Greenwich, City, and New York, are prepared to pay all losses.

The banks are behaving nobly. The Mechanics' discounted on Saturday almost all paper that was offered. The City Bank renews all notes falling due, on the same securities.

The general impression is, that the city will issue scrip to the amount of several millions.

A gallant effort was made to save the statue of Hamilton by a young officer from the navy yard with a party of four or five sailors. They had actually succeeded in removing it from the pedestal, when the danger from the approaching fall of the roof, compelled them to seek safety in flight.

Notwithstanding the immense losses sustained by the merchants, and the horrible state of confusion occasioned by the fire, no failures have as yet been announced or are expected. Not a note has been dishonored. There never was a more noble display of energy and fortitude than has been made on this occasion.

The U. States marines, eighty in number, under command of captain Walker, formed a complete chain of sentinels, on the night of the fire, along south st. from the Fulton ferry to Wall street, and up Wall to the Exchange, thus affording great protection to the property exposed. They kept their post all night.

It is estimated that nearly three thousand clerks, porters, carmen, &c. &c. are thrown out of employment, for at least a time. Many of them with families to support, and no dependence but their daily earnings.

A fine old sycamore, near the corner of Beaver and William streets, on the premises formerly occupied by Cadwallader D. Colden, stands uninjured amid the ruins.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the no

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Rahn, T. Birkmyr, with dates of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector and Price Current

FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 25, 1835.

ASHES		Sugar House	47 48
Pot.....cwt.	6 75 7 00	do. N. York	49 50
Pearl	9 00 9 50	do. Philadel.	44 46
BUTTER		do. Steam	46 50
Table		Trinidad	
Cheese lge. No.	18	Porto Rico	37 38
No. 1	17 18½	Exp. French Isl.	29 31
No. 2		Hav & Matanzas	
COAL		MACKEREL	
Lehigh.....ton		No. 1...bbl	8 25
Schuylkill		No. 2	7 37½
COFFEE duty, free		No. 3	5 50
Rio	13 14	OIL	
St. Domingo	10½ 11½	Linseed, Am. from	
Porto Rico	12 13	store	86 90
Cuba	11½ 12½	do Dutch	
Laguira	12½ 13	Whale...gal	
Java	11½ 13	Sperm, winter	1 83 1 10
COTTON duty 3 cts per lb		do summer	95 1 00
Louisiana	17 18½	PLASTER PARIS	
Mobile	16 18	In Del'ware ton	
N Alb and Texas		In Schuylkill	
S Car and Geo	15½ 18	SEEDS	
N Canal Va	16 17½	Clover...bush	5 25 6 25
FREIGHTS		Flaxseed rough	1 85 1 90
To Pittsburgh, per canal		do. clean cask	
ton		Timothy, bbl	1 25 3 00
FLOUR and MEAL		Herds...bush	
Superfine, bbl.	6 25	Orchard grass	2 00
Fine	6 50	WHISKEY	
Rye	5 00	Rye in hhds	30½ 37
Maryland	5 50 4 25	do in bbls	33½ 34½
Corn meal	4 50	do from wagons	33
do in hhds	20 00	WOOL	
GRAIN		Prime Saxony fleece	
Rye Pa	1 05	lb	70 75
Rye Southern	1 05	Am wash, full bl'd	61½ 67
Wheat Pa	1 40 1 45	do 4 blood	53 57½
do South fresh	1 40 1 45	do 4 blood	50 52
Corn L. C. white	81 83	do 4 and com	47½ 48
do. L. C. yellow	81 83	Am unwash. full bl'd	37 38
do. U.C. round	1 00 1 02	do 4 blood	34 37
Oats Pa	43 45	do 4 blood	32 35
Southern	43 45	do 4 and com	29 32
Barley Eastern		Sup'r. pulld lambs	52 56
do Pa	80 85	No. 1. do	43 50
HOPS		No. 2. do	33 38
1st sort, 1835, lbs	14 16	No. 3. do	25 30
MOLASSES		Spn. wheat, R. F. & S.	75 1 00
New Orleans	33 35	do lambs	75 1 00

Rates of Advertising in the S. E. Post.

For half a square, 50 cents for the first insertion, or $1 for 2 weeks—25 cts. for every subsequent insertion. A square, $1 for one insertion, and 50 cts. for each subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.

Half square for 3 months,	$3	One square, 3 months,	$6
do 6 months,	$5	do 6 months,	$10
do 12 months,	$10	do 12 months,	$20

Proportionate charges for larger advertisements.

TO BE PAID FOR IN ADVANCE, or 10 per cent. added for collecting, if placed in the hands of the collector.

All advertisements from a distance must be paid for when ordered.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, Dec. 26, 1835.

CHRISTMAS.

Once more we are permitted to enjoy the festivities of Christmas, and once more we tender our patrons the compliments of the holiday season. Christmas, the day so anxiously looked for by youth, and ordinarily so delightfully enjoyed by all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, has again arrived to delight us with its bountiful cheer, and to amuse us with its merry festivities. The voice of gladness and the cheerful prattle of innocence are again heard in our streets, and plenty and comfort sit smiling by our firesides, from which all reflections of care and trouble are, for the time being, excluded.

It is delightful to look upon the scene of gratification and enjoyment every where presented to our eyes, whether in the giddy crowds of young and old that throng our thoroughfares, in the various places of amusement that attract attention by their flaming placards, or in the happy groups that circle the domestic hearth. Every where appears the inscription, "this is a HOLIDAY," for the laugh and jest are no longer restricted, conversation is free, and merriment and joy have unlimited range. Youth aspires to manhood, and struts boldly forward in the juvenile paraphernalia of the soldier, and those of adult years hesitate not to mingle once more in the gambols of childhood, recurring again to those gladsome days of innocence and unmitigated joy, the memory of which still clings to the heart, like the traces of a fading dream of rapturous and exquisite enjoyment.

It is profitable occasionally to unbend the mind from the anxieties of business, and to enjoy in pleasant intercourse and rational amusement, unrestrained by ungodliness, the bounties with which Providence has favored us. In the career of an active life, and the bustle and turmoil of trade, the social feelings of the heart are necessarily in a great measure forgotten, and the mind loses its relish for the enjoyment of those amiable qualities which give a zest to life, and render a pilgrimage on earth desirable. But with the holiday season there comes a day of relaxation—a day upon which it is proper to forget the vexations of worldly engagements, and to cultivate and cherish the impulses which arise from familiar communion, untainted by selfishness, and unrestricted by motives of a sordid character. Friends and acquaintances meet, on such an holiday, without the restraints of cold formality, and all unbend feel as if the bonds of union which connect the members of the whole human family, were more closely united and more strongly cemented.

Despite all the adverse contingencies of an inclement season, the bleak blasts from the north, the mountains of ice in our waters, and the sterile appearance of nature, it is in our power to enjoy the holiday season with its wonted merriment and good cheer.—The products of a luxurious autumn fill the cellars of the provident, and those who have laboured industriously in the spring-time of life, have not failed to store up the wherewithals by which the cares of age are lightened, the body refreshed and the heart made glad. But the enjoyment of peace and happiness is independent of all adventitious circumstances, and the Christmas holiday of the labourer in his cottage, with his humble fare, may be made as joyful as that of the luxurious peasant in his tapestried hall, if he but possess the talismanic virtue of contentment, and an unrepining and grateful disposition.

Upon us all, on this interesting occasion, there is an obligation of gratitude to Providence, that the inestimable favors of freedom and peace are continued to us as a nation, that we possess in our local communities, and that to us, individually, the blessings of health and plenty have not been scantily given. That heart must indeed be cold and insensible, that is not, in a retrospection of this character, warmed with feelings of love and devotion towards Him who has so munificently blessed us, and in commemoration of whose sacrifices and sufferings, as marking the era of the Christian dispensation of "glad tidings of peace and good-will to all mankind," the observance of Christmas has been made a duty by the whole christian community.

For the gratification of the curious we have an abundance of places of amusement, now open in the city. Among the most prominent we may name

The Philadelphia Museum, in the Arcade, which has recently been appropriately decorated for the holidays, and which never loses its attraction, though visited for the hundredth time.

The American Museum, at Fifth and Chesnut streets, which also contains a collection of curiosities well deserving of attention. A panoramic display of the Conflagration of Moscow, and performances on the Harp and Accordion, are now added to the ordinary exhibition.

The Destruction of Jerusalem, a painting covering 2000 feet of canvass, by our countryman Benjamin West, Esq. is open for exhibition at the Diorama in Sansom street near Eighth. This is a very impressive Scripture piece, executed in a most masterly manner.

The Exhibition of Automata, at the Masonic Hall, is well worthy of patronage. The pieces composing the exhibition, such as the Drawing Boy, the Musical Lady, the Magician, the Walking Figure, &c. all of which are noticed at length in Brewster's Natural Magic, are remarkably curious specimens of human ingenuity, and we believe the most perfect automata in the world. Those who have not witnessed this exhibition should do so speedily, as it will soon be closed.

FUEL.

Coal and wood are quite scarce in this city, and a considerable advance has been made on the summer prices. During the late severe weather, $10 was asked for oak wood, of the ordinary quality. A large quantity might be brought in on the Columbia railroad, if the farmers in the vicinity of the road would have some of their spare timber cut down. The article

THE FIRE IN NEW YORK

We give, in this paper, a diagram, representing the scene of the late appalling conflagration in New York, and a detailed account of that melancholy event, carefully condensed from the New York papers. Great sympathy has been manifested for the citizens of New York, in this calamity, throughout the whole country, and efficient efforts will no doubt be promptly made, to afford the sufferers all possible assistance. Collections will shortly be made in the city in aid of those who have lost their all, and it is expected that a very liberal sum will be secured.—The town meeting held in this city on Friday week adopted a resolution requesting congress to make a donation to N. York of $10,000,000, from the surplus revenue, but the constitutionality of an act of that character has been doubted. A loan to that amount, on the security of the state, would probably enable the merchants of New York to resume their usual business.

Immediately upon receiving news of the conflagration, the President of the Bank of the United States, hastened to New York, and with the directors of the branch of that city, made an arrangement for the extension of accommodations to the amount of two millions. The city banks generally have followed the example, and the collector of the port has given notice that the payment of the government bonds will not be pressed. There is, therefore, reason to hope that the city will, in time, recover from the paralyzing effects of this dreadful calamity, unparalleled in the history of our country.

The Firemen of this city held a meeting at the Exchange, on Friday last, and appointed a committee to proceed to New York, to tender the services of the Philadelphia Fire Department to that city, in case they could be rendered available. The committee started in the mail of the same day, and reached New York on Saturday; and at the same time, several companies proceeded with their apparatus to the depot, in the hope of being able to get them carried on the railroad, but their efforts proved unsuccessful. The committee returned to this city on Monday, and made report to the town meeting. They speak in high terms of their reception in New York, but the fire being already extinguished when they arrived, their services were not required.

The Concert of Sacred Music, given at Grace Church, on Monday evening last, was very well attended. Mr. B. Cross presided at the new organ; Mr. Hupfeldt directed the instrumental, and Mr. B. Cross the vocal departments. The performances consisted of a number of approved solos, duetts and choruses, most of which were executed with spirit, taste and effect. Miss Watson was, however, the principal attraction, and her solos were delightful. Her "Sweet Bird" was a most beautiful performance, and won all hearts, by its chaste and exquisite melody.—Signor Fabi likewise acquited himself with credit, in one or two Italian airs, of a serious character.

The tones of the new organ are highly commended by experienced critics, and it is gratifying to learn that the receipts of the Concert will go far towards defraying the expense of this splendid instrument, justly a credit to the city.

Joseph McIlvaine, Esq. has resigned the office of Recorder of this city, a post that he has most honorably and most efficiently filled for a number of years.

The City Council of New York have authorized a loan of six millions of dollars, in aid of the sufferers by the late fire.

Holiday Presents.—Those who design to purchase books for holiday presents, decidedly the most rational of gifts, are informed that a variety of works, suitable for presents, may be obtained at our publication office, 36 Carter's alley. They may be obtained at a considerable discount from the book store prices.

Death of Bishop Emory.—The Rev. John Emory, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church, died near Baltimore, on the 16th instant. He was proceeding from his residence near Reisterstown to Baltimore, when he was violently thrown from his vehicle, by his horse taking fright, and so much injured that when he was discovered lying in the road, he was entirely insensible, and died in a few hours after. His remains were conveyed to Baltimore, and interred in a vault of the Eutaw street church, on Monday last.

Bishop Emory was a gentleman of fine talents and undoubted piety, and his decease will be sincerely deplored by a numerous circle of friends, and by the church of which he was a prominent and a useful member.

During a late exhibition of jugglery in Boston, by Signor Blitz, a slip of paper was handed to the professor, with these words on it—"*Signor Blitz is requested to swallow himself.*" After a moment's hesitation, the professor of legerdemain replied as follows—"Signor Blitz is not at this moment prepared to swallow himself, but if the gentleman who sent this paper will come forward, Signor Blitz pledges himself to swallow him." No one appeared, and the juggler was victorious.

The Whigs and Antimasons of this state have nominated William H. Harrison, of Ohio, as a candidate for President of the United States, and Francis Granger, of New York, for Vice President. In Virginia, the opponents of the administration have nominated Hugh L. White, of Tennessee for President. The following is the Harrison Electoral ticket for Pennsylvania.

GUBERNATORIAL.

John Geer, of Philadelphia.
Alexander Plummer, of Westmoreland.

CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS.

1. Lewis Passmore,	12. Thomas Carson,
2. Charles Wetter,	13. Lewis Evans,
Cadwalader Evans,	14. Samuel Rager,
3. Jonathan Gillingham,	15. Chester Butler,
4. William Johnson,	16. Ner Middleswarth,
Samuel Grosh,	17. Isaac Meyers,
Thos. Ashbridge,	18. Frederick Gebhart,
5. James Paul,	19. Benj. A. Marchand,
6. Benjamin Riegle,	20. Thomas Hughes,
7. Jacob Weyant,	21. John Reed,
8. Walter C. Livingston,	22. Andrew Bayne,
9. David Owen,	23. Samuel Orr,
10. John Fox,	24. William S. Ruskin,
11. Charles Hehl,	25. Joseph Rankin.

A large tribe of *peregrinators* locate themselves in Washington every year, for the purpose of dishing up items of news, gossip, scandal, &c. for various newspapers in different parts of the community. Some of them display considerable talent and ingenuity, and among the best is the correspondent of the New York Transcript, whose letters are invariably interesting. From a recent communication we make the following extracts

Mr. Van Buren is well; and, amid all the turmoil that surrounds him, is quiet, collected, and seems to be unconscious that he is enveloped by angry elements. The great ascendency this distinguished man has gained over the world, growing out of his entire self-possession. Nothing rather has—nothing can disconpose a muscle of his face; and therefore he is never subjected to those freaks and acts of caprice which distinguish most of the public men of this country. He is a widower; and it is said that his future political course and condition depends entirely upon his success as a candidate for the presidency. If he is successful, he weds; if not, no!

There are already in the city two or three ladies of fashion and fortune, who have their caps arranged for his acceptance—and at a soiree which I attended last evening, I heard a maiden lady of six and thirty explain, in a most disinterested manner, that she thought it was the duty of a man who held so important a trust as that of the Vice Presidency, to get married! The lady, I doubt not, has read Marius.

Mrs. Anne Royall, that dear Pet Lamb of the creation, is yet in the land of the living. She is just as amiable as she ever was, and reads the Paul Pry with her accustomed venom and verjuice. The old lady has imported a large quantity of pipes from Holland, and will probably smoke every member of Congress who neglects to subscribe for her paper. The "old creature," is an object of absolute terror to many members of Congress; and as they do not like to "stand her nonsense" at all times, they invariably subscribe to the Paul Pry on reaching Washington. The seven year's itch and the measles, are flea bites compared to the virulence of this old termagant. She, and her Secretary, Sally—"I beg you would'nt excite us Sally"—are of themselves quite enough to make any man believe that Paradise was never entered by a woman. Mrs. Royal has not been married to Pickle Emerson—she swears she is not a candidate for wedlock, and through life will prefer petticoats to breeches—and so says Secretary Sally. Who killed Cock Robin?

Awful Death.—We regret to learn that Mrs. Barbara Mansell, of Sansom street, Philadelphia, was so injured by fire, on Saturday evening, that she died in about fifteen minutes after the flames were extinguished. She was sitting alone in her room a few minutes after tea, when some of the inmates of the house heard a shriek, and immediately hastened to discover the cause of it. On entering the room of Mrs. M. they observed her standing in the middle of the floor, with her arms extended, and her whole person wrapt in flames. It is supposed that while sitting at the fire her gown, of cotton material, caught fire; that instead of prostrating herself upon the floor, she rose and attempted to extinguish the flames, and became her awful death. Her person is shockingly disfigured by the fire. Mrs. M. was a most estimable

The great gun of the English Reviews—the London Quarterly—which for many years has been battering away at the American Republic, abusing the government and ridiculing the manners of the people, has at length changed its tone towards us, and seems now disposed to render us something like justice. What has effected this sudden change is more than we can tell, but the revolution in sentiment seems to be unequivocal. In reviewing Mr. Latrobe's "Rambles in America," the Quarterly quotes the annexed passage: "However, something was to be learned from this, and I trust I was not myself above profiting by the lesson, which many years of travel have rendered in impressing upon my mind; namely, that a stranger in a strange land sees with strange and partial eyes, and that the difficulty of forming a correct judgment, even with close observation, and without any disposition to discern faults, is far greater than might be supposed." Upon the paragraph the Review remarks:

We sincerely hope this lesson will be held in mind by all future travellers in the United States. For ourselves, we are obliged to confess that we much wish we had kept it steadily before us when reviewing the recent work of Mr. Trollope, and we may even add of Captain Basil Hall. We have no suspicion that either of these able writers designed to give a false impression of the state of society in America; but we are constrained to acknowledge that we think it Washington Irving had undertaken a tour among our own provincial towns, he might have found materials for lively and amusing sketches of British manners not a bit better than those represented as characteristic of the Americans: indeed we strongly suspect that he might have found almost the same identical things and humours. And how, after all, should this be otherwise? What were all these American towns sixty years ago but provincial British towns? Why should we be so ready to believe that manners and customs had changed so much within the life-time of one generation, while blood and language remained the same?

Let us hear no more then—at least, let us hear nothing in harsh, contemptuous, or arrogant language—about the petty circumstances which may happen to strike an English eye, accustomed to the highly-cultivated features of society in the upper walks of life in England, as offensively characteristic of the people of America, in their internal domestic intercourse among themselves. Let every man who designs to travel in America begin with making himself acquainted with the manners of the great masses of our own population—even of our own opulent and fairly educated population—and ask himself honestly, whether, supposing the present course of political changes to be persisted in, the grand problem of the Grotes, Warburtons, and Hunters, fairly worked out, our aristocratical institutions in church and state got rid of, and the "monarchy of the middle classes" completely established here—let him ask himself, whether he seriously believes that, after the lapse of a half a century, the foreign traveller from Vienna or St. Petersburg would not be very apt to go home again with much the same views as to the manners of the dominant caste in England, that have been of late made public on the subject of the social peculiarities of America.

Our readers will remember that this is the same Review that not long since extolled Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope to the skies, and that floundered like a fish just out of its native element, when their preposterous statements were called in question. The work of Mr. Latrobe has no doubt been instrumental, in a considerable degree, in effecting this change in sentiment, as throughout the whole of the article from which we extract the above, the editors speaks calmly and temperately, and with an apparent desire to do justice to the subject.

We rejoice at this change in the bearing of the Review towards America, not because its former captious remarks have occasioned us any considerable uneasiness, but because one great bar to an union of feeling between England and the United States, has thereby been removed. To the great mass of the American people, it is, we are well aware, a matter of perfect indifference, what course the London Quarterly or any other Review may pursue towards America, as they are uninfluenced either by their praise or their censure; but to those citizens of our country who have constant intercourse with English society, and to the lovers of the two countries, between whom there is, and ought to be, a friendship and fraternity of feeling, the former injudicious criticisms of the Reviews—unmerited and calumnious as they were—have proved a great stumbling-block in the way of harmony and good feeling. The conversion of the London Quarterly, is, we trust, sincere, and hereafter we hope to see something like candour and honesty in its columns, when speaking of their rivals in literature and science, across the water.

The annexed paragraph may serve to show to what extent the citizens of New York are harrassed by fires. Scarcely a night passes over in which there are not one or more conflagrations involving the destruction of a large amount of property. This must ever be the case until provision is made for a more abundant supply of water.

FIRES.—About 3 o'clock on Saturday morning the patrol of the ninth ward discovered flames proceeding from a building in Bedford street. They were soon extinguished. About noon on Saturday, the power house of Moses Ritter, corner of Hester and the Bowery, took fire from a stove pipe. At 10 o'clock on Saturday evening, a building in the rear of the lot at the corner of Broome and Hudson streets, was slightly injured by fire. At midnight of Saturday, the publication office of the Transcript, at the corner of City Hall Place and Pearl street was intentionally set on fire—no damage was sustained. About 1 o'clock last evening an alarm proceeded from a house in William street near John, caused by the bed clothes taking fire. Prompt action prevented much damage being done in either instance.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Whiskers.—The monstrous quantity of superfluous hair now worn by our young men under the chin and around the windpipe is almost sufficient to make young ladies a set of ringlets. What can be more ludicrous than to see a thin, pale-faced jaunty looking countenance peering forth from a huge jungle of bushy whiskers. It is fairly terrific; and how can a young lady allow such an orang outang to brush her hair but he has bristles in venturing upon a chaste salute.—*Noah.*

The ridiculous custom alluded to above, is a contemptible *aping* of foreign fashions, introduced among us by a few young Americans, who have returned from Europe strongly tinctured with count dandyracy. They may be met in our streets every fine day, flourishing a gold-headed cane and dirty moustaches, and apparently glorying in their disgraceful and ludicrous appearance. Every lady who expects a visit from one of these animals should provide her centre table with a razor and a shaving-box, and perhaps the perfumed orang outang would take the hint.

THEATRICAL

Reeve, the low comedian, at the Chesnut street Theatre, has gained a high degree of popularity, be his performances during the week, and it appears to be generally admitted that the New Yorkers, as in the case of Miss Fanny Jarman, have either been strongly prejudiced against Reeve, or else been unable to appreciate his peculiar talent. We consider him decidedly the most amusing comedian that has been on our boards since the days of Jefferson, and this we believe is the opinion of our play-goers generally. His best characters are the Bendle, in the Wreck Ashore, the Hanover, the five parts in By Advertisement, and Jack Rag, in the Climbing Boy. Nothing equal to the drunken scene in the Wreck Ashore, has ever been seen in this city, neither have we ever heard any such comic singing, as "Iva vid de grace extraordinare," in By Advertisement. In this piece Reeve's imitation of Matheus and Keen is perfect. On the whole, as a burlesque performer, we regard Reeve as far beyond the range of ordinary comedy actors, for he is the very personification of fun itself, and if he had no other merit, his graceful dancing alone, would be sufficient to secure his success. His benefit will take place this evening, and undoubtedly the house will be crowded to overflowing.

Mr. Maywood, one of the deserving and enterprising managers, will take a benefit on Monday evening. A very attractive bill of fare will be presented, Mr. Reeve, Mr. Ballo, Mr. Maywood, and Miss Emma Wheatley, being among the performers. Whether as actor, manager, or a worthy and respectable citizen, Mr. Maywood has strong claims upon the public, which we doubt not, will be duly acknowledged on Monday night.

Mr. A. Addams being still seriously indisposed, Mr. Conrad's new tragedy of Jack Cade has not again been produced at the Walnut street Theatre. The performances at this house continue to prove attractive. A new melo drama, entitled *Ida and Magnus*, was announced to be produced last night, with new and splendid scenery, &c.

Our favorite Burton has gone to Washington, to fulfil a short engagement at the National Theatre, and to make merry the wise men of the nation.

Mr. Murdoch, Miss Riddle, and Mr. and Mrs. Turnan, are performing with success at the Mobile Theatre.

Absconding Cashier Arrested.—Dudley W. Babcock, the Cashier of the Branch Bank of New Orleans at Clinton, La., was arrested, on Monday night, on the York Turnpike, about eighteen miles from Baltimore. He is now in Baltimore prison, awaiting the requisition of the authorities of Louisiana. He confessed that he was the person, and that he had robbed the Bank of about thirty thousand dollars. Twenty seven to eight thousand dollars were found upon his person. He was arrested by policemen Hays and Jeffers of Baltimore, who

Congressional Proceedings.

In the Senate of Thursday of last week, Mr. Webster offered the following resolutions, which were laid on the table.

Resolved, That so much of the President's Message as respects the question whether the United States cannot, without transcending their constitutional powers, assume to the Post Office Department the use of the several Railroads in the United States, by an act of Congress which shall provide within itself some equitable mode of adjusting the amount of compensation, be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions to make a special report thereon.

Resolved, That the Committee on Roads and Canals be instructed to report the number, extent, and direction of the several Rail-roads, already built or commenced, and the most important of those which are projected or contemplated, in the several States; and that they inquire into the expediency of aiding in any of those undertakings on the part of the government of the United States, either by making payment in advance on contracts for carrying the mail on such roads, or otherwise; and on condition of transporting the property or troops of the United States by such roads, free of expense to the United States, whether in peace or in war.

Mr. Clayton offered the following resolution, which, on his motion, was now considered and adopted.

Resolved, That the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire into the expediency of appropriating a sufficient sum to construct piers at New Castle, on the river Delaware; and that the instructions of the Legislature of Delaware to the Senators from that State, on that subject, be, and the same are hereby, referred to the same committee.

In the House, on the same day, Mr. Overton Carr was appointed principal door-keeper, and Mr. Hunter assistant.

The Senate did not sit on Friday.

In the House of Representatives, a petition was presented by Mr. Jackson of Mass. praying Congress to provide for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. He moved its reference to a select committee. Mr. Hammond moved that it be not received, when a long debate took place, which will be reported hereafter. A motion to lay the petition on the table was moved, and decided by the Speaker to have precedence over the motion to reject. The question being taken, the motion to lay on the table was rejected—yeas 75, nays 121.

Mr. Hammond's motion, that the petition be rejected, being then in order the debate was resumed, and continued by Messrs. Hunt, Glascock, and Sutherland.

Mr. Sutherland, without concluding, yielded the floor, and, on motion of Mr. Everett, the House adjourned to meet on Monday.

In Senate, on Monday, Mr. Niles, the Senator appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Nathan Smith, of Connecticut, took his seat.

Mr. Webster offered a resolution referring to the committee on finance the subject of giving some relief to the sufferers by the fire in New York, which was adopted. In a few remarks which he made, he suggested that it might be proper for the committee to wait for the action of the other house before they made any report.

In the House Mr. Cambreleng reported, from the committee on ways and means, a bill providing

1st. That the Collector of the Port of New York be authorized, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, to extend the time of payment for the terms of three, four and five years, of all bonds which became due after the 16th instant, given for duties on merchandize imported by those who have suffered by the fire; and

2d. Directing the Secretary of the Treasury to transfer such portions of the surplus revenue as will not be wanted by the government to certain Banks in the city of New York, and suffer it to remain there for twelve months.

Mr. Cambreleng also stated that the committee had before them a proposition to remit the duties on all merchandize consumed by the fire; but had not yet definitely decided upon it. The attention of the committee had been called to the subject by a letter from the Secretary enclosing a letter from the Collector of the Port of New York.

The bill was read twice, committed to the committee of the whole on the state of the Union, and with the report, ordered to be printed.

Mr. Cambreleng gave notice that he should call up the bill for consideration to-morrow.

Mr. Jarvis, from the committee on Naval affairs, reported a bill concerning the enlistment of boys in the naval service with a report; read thrice and committed.

Mr. Sutherland, from the committee on commerce, reported a bill to regulate the compensation of certain officers of revenue cutters; read thrice and committed.

In the Senate on Tuesday, Mr. Benton's motion to admit the Senators from Michigan on the floor was taken up, and he modified it so as to make it merely a resolution that they should be admitted as spectators, and chairs provided "on the floor."

The resolution as modified was opposed, and the words "on the floor" were stricken out on motion of Mr. Ewing. Some debate ensued, after which the resolution was further modified, by Mr. Hendricks, so as to give a privilege only to John Norvell to come into the Senate as a spectator, the other Senator holding the right already as a delegate.

On the same day, the House resumed the consideration of the motion submitted by Mr. Patton, of Virginia, to reconsider the vote of Friday last, referring a memorial for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, to the committee on the District.

Mr. Granger of New York, spoke in opposition to the motion; vindicated the motives of the petitioners, and contended that the House was obliged to give them a respectful hearing. At the same time he stated that he was not in favor of complying with the prayer of the memorialists.

Mr. Ingersoll, of Penn. followed with a speech, expressive of a strong desire to adjust the question to the satisfaction of the South, and read the following resolutions, which, he said, he would offer, when in order, and which, he hoped, would settle the question, and render further discussion unnecessary:

Resolved, That the holding of slaves is a right clearly recognized by the constitution of the United States, and is therefore reserved to the citizens of those States whose policy does not forbid it, as the legitimate subject of individual property and source of political influence and power; and all attempts to interfere with or control them, in the exercise of enjoyment, are impolitic, unconstitutional and unjust.

Mr. Cambreleng introduced a bill authorising the Collector of the Port of New York, to grant exemptions on the payment of government bonds, on account of the recent destructive fire at that city, which was read one time and laid over. It will no doubt pass, by a nearly unanimous vote.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Monday, December 21, 1835.

Dear Sir—The business of the House was quite considerable to-day. A large number of petitions were presented, and nearly all for incorporations, from Savings Institutions.

Mr. Reed introduced a preamble and set of resolutions, for the relief of the sufferers in New York by the late fire. He also introduced a resolution authorizing the Canal Commissioners to contract for the building of twelve Locomotive Engines, for the Philadelphia and Columbia, and Allegheny Portage Rail Roads. It was opposed by Mr. T. S. Smith, and supported by Messrs. Reed and Stevens—and was finally put off.

A large number asked and obtained leave of absence. The resolution for adjournment was re-considered this morning, but again voted down by 67 to 37. The friends of the resolution did not manage their cards well. I think it will yet carry, if Mr. Reed's advice is adhered to—at least an adjournment for a few days. I believe all are in favor of an adjournment, but many not vote for it.

Several bills of a local character passed through third reading; one of which was the Philadelphia Steam Tow Boat supplement. The bill relative to the Philadelphia Museum, was this day presented to the Governor for his approval.

Mr. William F. Hughes was reelected Director of the Pennsylvania Bank on the third ballot. The vote stood thus—

	1st ballot.	2d	3d
W. F. Hughes	35	39	44
Samuel C. Morton	24	26	23
Robert A. Parker	21	20	17

The number of persons present in Senate was ten—a majority, as point of number.

The Haverford School Association bill passed third reading. The bill for calling a Convention to alter and amend the Constitution, was up, but was postponed.

The house looks thin—many seats are vacant already. The supernumber of the Senate in point of numbers, is no better.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Harrisburg, Dec. 23, 1835.

The city and county members agree, in both houses, present and petition for the Schuylkill River Bank, the Central Bank of the Northern Liberties, the Leather Manufacturers Bank, the Franklin Bank of Southwark, and the Moyamensing Bank, besides memorials for sundry Savings Institutions. The Montgomery county members presented petitions, to-day, for a new bank in Pottstown, Montgomery county.

In the house, to-day, the resolution authorizing the purchase of twelve additional locomotive engines for the State rail road, was warmly debated by Messrs. T. S. Smith, Stevens, Reed, Pennypacker, Oliver, Kennedy, Harrison, and Carr. It passed, and was sent to the Senate, where it was passed without delay. Another resolution, for an adjournment after to-morrow one week, passed both houses. The resolutions offered yesterday, by Mr. Reed, relative to the New York sufferers, requesting Congress to allow assistance, was debated at length. Mr. T. S. Smith offered an additional resolution, appropriating $10,000, by the State, to the poor sufferers. There was a warm debate, in which Messrs. Reed, Speakman, T. S. Smith, Bullock, and Walker, acquitted themselves creditably. No vote was taken before the house adjourned.

[7 I had forgotten to tell you a strange rumour is afloat here, and it is something more than a rumour. It is said that the State Treasury Department has over-drawn upon the Bank of Pennsylvania, to the amount of about three hundred and forty thousand dollars! Mr. Kerns offered a resolution, this morning, on the hour, for an inquiry.

Bankers of Spurious Bills.—Five dollar notes are in circulation of the Bank of New Brunswick, with fictitious signatures, which are evidently filled up by the same hand. The plate is a genuine one, and was probably stolen from the Bank when it was robbed.

From the N. Orleans True American of Dec 8.

INTERESTING FROM TEXAS.

By the arrivals on Sunday last and the politeness of our friends, we have been put in possession of late and important intelligence from Texas. The cause of liberty goes bravely on. The siege of Bahar goes bravely on. The Mexicans have shut themselves closely within the walls of the palace; but the arrival of heavy cannon was daily expected by the Texians, and by this time the palace has doubtlessly been forced to surrender. In fact, on the 24th ult. even with the small pieces the besiegers had with them, they had already made a small breach in the church of Bahar which the Mexicans have converted into a citadel.

A troop of Texians under Capt. Tavis, have taken about three hundred head of horses from the enemy, these will be of the greatest utility in organizing companies of cavalry.

On the 8th ult. a company of Texian cavalry numbering 35 men, under Capt. Bird, fell in near Bahar with a squadron of about 150 Mexican cavalry, Capt. Bird retreated to a ravine, and there defended himself so effectually against the superior forces opposed to him that in a few minutes they retired precipitately, leaving five men killed on the ground, and a number wounded, of the Texians only one wounded. It is said that the Mexicans showed more cowardice in this than in any previous action.

The Indians in several instances have attacked the Texians. Linen, Collingsworth was fired upon by a party of them near Goliad and killed.

The supplies sent from this city have been received with grateful feelings by the Texians. The convention had appointed a committee on the subject. This committee has written a letter of thanks to the committee on the affairs of Texas of this city, in which the sincerest thanks are expressed for the timely interposition of our citizens in behalf of Texas. The convention has appointed Mr. El. Hall to be the Texian agent in New Orleans; and has directed him to purchase several pieces of cannon, with necessary equipages, ammunition, &c.

The company of 20 men from New Orleans, via Natchitoches, on their way to Bahar, passed Washington on the 8th ult. They will doubtless participate in the reduction of Bahar.

The Mexican Governor of San Patricio has been obliged to surrender to a small party of Texians, who took the place, after a severe action in which the Mexicans suffered considerable loss.

From the Salem Gazette.

Washing Day.—A few weeks since we published an extract or recipe, for alleviating the hardships of washing day. The communication of improvement in this branch of domestic economy, of course attracted the attention of the ladies, and the experiment has been tried, we understand, to a considerable extent and with very great satisfaction.

The following is the recipe which we repeat in compliance with a request, and with a desire to extend, as far as possible, the benefits of such a benevolent discovery.

Mixture—five gallons soft water and a ½ gallon of lime-water, and a pint and a half of soft-soap, or 1 lb of hard—and 2 oz. sub. carbonate of soda.

Method of Washing—soak the clothes over night, if very dirty; at any rate wet them thoroughly before putting them into the mixture. When the above mixture is at boiling heat, put in the clothes that have been soaked or wet, merely rubbing such parts with a little soap as are unusually soiled. Boil them 1 hour, they are then to be taken out and drained and thoroughly rinsed in warm water, then in the indigo water as usual, and they are fit for drying. Too much water may be prepared and kept on hand, the ends sub carbonate (be sure to get the right kind,) may be procured cheap by purchasing it in a large quantity.

N. B. it does not answer the purpose for calicoes and woollens.

COMMUNICATION.

AMUSEMENT.

All those who seek and desire rational and entertaining amusement, we would recommend to pay a visit at the American Museum; the attractions there offered, are of such a nature that cannot fail of being gratifying. The proprietor has made great exertions for the Conflagration of Moscow, to be exhibited at various hours during the day and evening. The Museum has been splendidly decorated for the holidays.

Advantages of Life Insurance.—The following extract from the monthly report of the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, illustrates in a striking manner the advantages of a custom of Life Insurance in the community generally, but particularly to those persons of limited income, who may afford to expend a small sum annually, by doing which they can insure to their families the receipt of a larger sum in the event of their decease.

New York December 1, 1835.

The officers paid the last month two losses; one occuring by the death of the Rev. Wm. McMurray, pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, Market street, New York. He had been insured three years, and had paid the office $600. The widow and administratrix has received from the office $6000.

The second loss occurred by the death of Hammond Wallis, type founder, New York; he had been insured three years, and had paid the office $126 00. His brother and administrator has received from the office $1,030.

Singular and Fatal Accident.—Some time since an inquest was held before Mr. Ritter, at Little Hulton, on view of the body of Sarah Halliday, a woman about 29 years of age, who was killed by a most singular accident, in a coal-pit at Hilton-lane. It appears that women are employed in the pits in this district, to drag the coals in tubs from the place where they are got by the miners to the eye of the pits, where the tubs are fixed in a rope and drawn up to the bank. The women thus employed have a leathern belt fixed round their waists, in the front of which is a hook, and to this hook a chain about three quarters of a yard long is affixed, which passes between their legs, and the other end is attached to the wagons on which the tubs are drawn. The deceased was thus employed in drawing coals for a miner named Joseph Crompton. She had drawn a tub to the pit's eye, and attached it to the rope, when by some unexplained accident, the chain by which she had dragged the wagon caught the tub as it was ascending, and she was drawn up by it, hanging the full length of the chain below the tub. She called out to the banksman to lower the tub, and he, suspecting her situation, did so, but rather too rapidly at first. She then called out to him to go slower, which he did, but by some means the chain by which she hung slipped off the hook of

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

From the Liverpool Weekly Magazine.

EMIGRATION.

Since now-a-days there's every man
Attempting emigration,
Why should not I propose a plan
To benefit the nation?
Long have I thought it in my mind,
To find a fitting home,
Might seem by Nature's salt designed,
For hundred souls to roam.

The brewers should to Malta go,
The loggerheads to Scilly,
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
The farmers all to Chili;
The brawling, squalling elves,
Who break our nightly rest,
While their nurses haste to Babylon,
Go to Lapland or to Brest.

From Spithead, cooks run over Greece;
And while the miser waits
His passage to the Guinea Coast,
The spend-thrift's in the Straits.
To Geneva quick while drunkards bie,
At the Needles sponsers be;
While gourmands lunch at Sandwich Isles,—
'Twill suit them to a T.

Musicians hasten to the Sound,
The surplice priests to Rome;
While still the race of hypocrites
At Canton are at home.
Send bachelors to th' United States,
Maids to the Isle of Man;
Let gardeners all to Botany go,
And shoeblacks to Japan.

While debtors flock to Ohio,
And hosiers to the Meuse,
The firemen to the Indians go,
And to Greenland all the blues:
While lovers with Good Hope rest pleased,
To some Cape Horn is pain;
And cockneys pause Lyons to see,
Bold sailors cross the Maine.

Stationers, post, inquire for Rheims;
Blacklegs for Wight design:
While rogues will find a longitude
That's just below the Line.
Run Surgeons to Connecticut;
Finland's the sharks abode,
While half our idle vagabonds
Might mend their ways in Rhodes.

ABOUT RIGHT.—The Bangor Advertiser tells a good story of a Yankee who was refused a dinner at one of the taverns down east, until he had shown the landlord his 'Pewter.' Boniface then did his best, and at the sound of the bell in walked the Yankee, and taking a general survey of the table, turned to his host and said, "Mister, you've used my money, and I've used your dinner—good bye!"

The following Acrostic was written by a nephew of Benedict Arnold, and originally published in the London Morning Chronicle, 1785:

Born for a curse to nature and mankind,
Each arch's broadest realm can't show so black a mind;
Night's sable veil your crimes can never hide—
Each one so great would glut historic tide.
Defunct, your memory shall ever live,
In all the glare that infamy can give!
Curses of ages will attend your name,
T-R-A-I-T-O-R-S alone will glory in your shame;

Almighty vengeance sternly sits to roll
Rivulets of sulphur on your treacherous soul;
Nature looks back with conscious error red;
On such a tarnished blot that she has made.
Let hell receive you riveted in chains,
Damn'd to the hottest locus of its flames.

PAINT.—To get rid of the smell of oil paint, plunge a handful of hay into a pailful of water and let it stand in the room newly painted.

CROSS READING.—Board is wanted in a family without children by a gentleman and—a seahorse, trained with special care.

A young man of high standing and respectable talents was—served up as a dish for the governor.

Just published and for sale at the bookstore, the marvelous life and exploits of a—Troy Rotary Cooking stove.

Aqua fortis and nitric acid—are used in some parts of Vermont as a substitute for coffee.

The mountain labored and brought forth—17,000 boxes of Gosling's blacking.

A fire was lately discovered in—an old fashioned Dutch teapot—supposed to be very ancient—and was burnt to the ground before assistance could be rendered.

Runaway from the subscriber on the 14th instant.—10 cats on Arbor Hill.

Married in this city, after a long, distressing and laborious courtship, Mr. Zebedee Snickersee to—the remaining stock in trade of a merchant declining business.

Lost, yesterday morning in State Street, a lady's reticule containing a—quintal of codfish.

SIR EDMUND NAGLE.—When a young man, travelling in a post-chaise up Shooters hill, a high way man rode up, presented a pistol into the window, and demanded money or life—Sir Edmund, then a very athletic man, seized the arm of the ruffian, twisted the pistol from it, dragged him through the window, and placed him beside him, desired him to sit quiet and ordered the post boy to drive on. The humble supplications of the highway-man were answered with, "Be easy boy, be easy, I won't hurt ye." Still the conscience stricken robber kept pleading, till at length the chaise reached the Captain's lodgings, when he handed the fellow out of the coach; walked him on to a garret, and locked themselves in. He then took off his coat, and said,—"Now sir, I neither mean to hang ye nor hurt ye, but I'll just give you a broth of a beating;" which having accomplished, he opened the door, bade the robber be off, and the next time he stopped a coach, to rap at the window and ask if Pat Nagle was inside, before he ventured to poke his pistol into it.

DRINK.—"Oh, my dear how came you so wet?" inquired an affectionate mother of her son. "Why, ma, one of the boys said I daren't jump into the creek, and by gosh, I tell you I aint a boy to be dared."

Complimentary.—An old Clergyman, and a rather eccentric one withal, whose field of labor was a town in the interior of New England, one Sunday, at the close of his services, gave notice to his congregation, that in the course of the week, he expected to go on a mission—on a mission to the HEATHEN! The members of his church were struck with alarm and sorrow, at this sudden and unexpected announcement of the loss of their beloved pastor, and one of the deacons in great agitation, exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, you have never told us one word of this before! What shall we do?" "Oh, brother ——," said the Parson, with the greatest sang froid, "I don't expect to go out of town!"—*Bangor Adv.*

Anecdote of Booth, the Tragedian.—The congregation of a church in Baltimore were, after the forenoon services had commenced, astounded by the entrance of Mr. Booth, who ascended into the gallery, and quietly seated himself in the place usually reserved for the colored gentry, but which at this time was unoccupied. He was habited in the costume which he usually wore on his representation of the "humpback'd tyrant," which was most sumptuously decorated in the style of that period which the play commemorated. He was of course the "observed of all observers," but the services nevertheless, proceeded as usual, during which Booth remained rather abstracted, but when they were finished, the benediction pronounced, and the congregation had turned to depart, he rose, and doffing his richly plumed bonnet, thus addressed them: "Ladies and Gentlemen: To-morrow evening my benefit takes place at the Adelphi Theatre, when I shall attempt a representation of Richard III., and I trust I shall be encouraged by your presence;" and making a low congee, he mingled with the audience and vanished.

A SEA GULL ASKED TO BREAKFAST.—The family of H. Peter, Esq., of Harlyn, on the North coast of Cornwall, one morning, at breakfast-time, threw a piece of bread out of the window, to a stray sea-gull which happened to have made its appearance at the moment; the bird ate the bread, and flew away. The next day, at the same hour, he appeared again, was again fed, and departed. From this time, for a period of eighteen years, the gull never failed to show himself at the window every morning at the same hour and to stalk up and down, till he had received his meal, (a bason of bread and milk,) when he instantly took his leave till the next morning. The only time he omitted to do this was during the period of the pilchards being on the coast, which lasted about six weeks in each year, and at this time he omitted his morning visit. At length, he brought one of his own species with him to partake of his meal, and continued to come together, daily, for a fortnight, when they suddenly disappeared, and were never seen afterwards.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

TRAVELLING CATS.—A lady residing near Glasgow, had a handsome cat sent her from Edinburgh; it was conveyed to her in a close basket, and in a carriage. She was carefully watched two months, but having procured a pair of young ones at the end of that time, she was left to her own discretion, which she very soon employed by disappearing with both her kittens. The lady at Glasgow wrote her friend at Edinburgh, deploring her loss, and the cat was supposed to have have formed some new attachment with as little reflection as men and women sometimes do. About a fortnight, however, after her disappearance at Glasgow, her well known mew was heard at the street door of her old mistress, and there she was with both her kittens; they in the best state, but she very thin. It is clear that she could only carry one kitten at a time. The distance from Glasgow to Edinburgh, is forty miles, so that if she brought one kitten part of the way, and then went back for the other, and thus conveyed them alternately, she must have travelled one hundred and twenty miles at least. Her prudence must likewise have suggested the necessity of journeying in the night, with many other precautions for the safety of her young.

DUEL IN PARIS.—About the time that it was first known in France, from the tenor of Mr. Livingston's letter to the Duke of Broglie, upon his leaving Paris, that the American government would make no apology to the French, an American and several officers of the French army happened to meet, at a public table, at a restaurateur in Paris. The conversation soon turned upon the existing relations between the United States and France, in which one of the officers took occasion to speak disrespectfully of the American generally—the American coolly replied to him—the Frenchman became more violent, and observed contemptuously that "if he was near him he would kick him into America"—at this the American seized a bottle to throw at his head; the persons present interfered, and it was agreed to meet the next morning with pistols; the Frenchman bibed at twenty-five paces, the American of five: the matter was arranged at fifteen, that being the nearest possible distance the Frenchman could be brought to. The next morning as appointed, they met and threw up for the first fire: it was decided in the Frenchman's favor. They took their places, the Frenchman dressed in all the imposing paraphernalia of an officer of the national guard, "with mustachios, thick and long, looking terrible as the brooding storm;" the American nothing daunted, stood firm, stript to the shirt. The word was given, 'fire'—the Frenchman missed his mark—the American eyed coolly his antagonist for a moment, curled his lip and fired into the air. The American was Theo. H ——, of La.

Napoleon Bonaparte and John Wesley.—During Napoleon's expedition in Egypt, he is known to have been carried away in admiration of the Mahometan faith, and few readers can have forgotten the enthusiasm with which he exclaimed that the surest way to become immortal, was to become the founder of a new religion. The recollection of this remark will impart additional interest to the following just and eloquent passage from the British Critic. The latter seem, however, notwithstanding his own admission, with which the haughty emperor would look down upon poor John Wesley as his victorious competitor for the prize of immortal fame, were no unfit theme for a poet's pen.—*Churchman.*

"It is not easy to imagine any thing more *comprehensive* than the policy, or more perfect than the organization, of the Wesleyan economy. Its discipline and constitution form a stupendous monument of the genius of its author. They show him to have been born to leave an indelible impress of himself, on after generations. In this respect, Napoleon Bonaparte is not worthy to be compared with him. The name of Napoleon is, indeed, imperishable. But it is written on the *annals* of Europe, not on her *institutions*. His gigantic footsteps were on the ocean-sand; and the waters have closed upon them, and have swept away their traces—even as it were the joyish architecture of boyhood. The name of John Wesley lives in the system which he founded. It is written THERE, in characters, which are expanding, and becoming deeper, as that system spreads. He was a mighty religious legislator. The foundations of his polity are broad and deep; and the spirit of internal discord must become potent indeed, before it can rend his superstructure to pieces."—*British Critic.*

THE MUMPERS AND BALLAD SINGERS OF LONDON.—One of Capt. Marryatt's heroes thus describes his adventures among this class of London vagrants: "An old man, who governed the party asked me whether I had any money? I produced the enormous sum of eight pence! "Quite enough, if you are clever," said he, "quite enough; many a man with half that sum has ended with rolling in his carriage. A man with thousands has only the advance of you a few years. You will pay for your lodging, and then spend this sixpence for matches, and hawk them about the town. If you are lucky, it will be a shilling by to-morrow night. Besides, you go down into areas, and sometimes enter a kitchen when the cook is above stairs—there are plenty of things to be picked up." "But I am not dishonest," said I. "Well, then, every man to his liking; only if you were, you would ride in your own coach sooner" "And suppose I should lose all this, or none will buy my matches, what then?" replied I, "I shall starve." "Starve! no no—no one starves in this country; all you have to do is to get into gaol—committed for a month—you will live better, perhaps, than you ever did before. I have been in every gaol in England, and know the good ones—for even in gools there is a great difference. Now the one in this town, is one of the best in all England, and I patronize it during the winter." I was amused with the discourse of the mumper, who appeared to be one of the merriest old vagabonds in England. I took his advice, and bought sixpence worth of matches, and commenced my new vagrant speculation. The first day I picked up three pence for one quarter of my stock, and returned to the same place where I had slept the night before, but the fraternity had quitted, on an expedition. I spent my two pence for bread and cheese, and paid one penny for lodging, and again I started the next morning, but I was unsuccessful; nobody appeared to want matches that day, and after walking from seven o'clock in the morning till past seven in the evening, without selling one farthing's worth, I sat down at the porch of a chapel, quite tired and worn out. At last I fell asleep, and how do you think I was awoke? By a strong sense of suffocation, and up I sprung, coughing and nearly choked, surrounded with smoke. Some mischievous boys perceiving that I was fast asleep, had set fire to my matches, as I laid them in my hand between my legs, and I did not wake until my fingers were severely burnt. There was an end to my speculation in matches, because there was an end of all my capital.

Advantage of Drinking Water.—It is a great mistake to think that beer is necessary for a hard-working man. At the time I write, there are a set of men employed in draining, by task-work, in Richmond Park, who are patterns of English labourers. Hard as they work from morning to night, and in all weathers, they seldom drink any beer. They boil a large kettle of coffee in their little bivouac in the park, and drink it hot at their meals. This costs them but little; but they do as hard a day's work upon it as any labourers in England, and have continued to do so for three years past, under all the disadvantages arising from wet and cold to which a drainer is subject. A proof of this may be found in Captain Ross's recent voyage to the Arctic regions. He says, that on a journey attended with great difficulty and hardship, he was the only one of the party whose eyes were not inflamed, and he was the only one who did not drink grog. He was also the oldest person amongst them; and for the same reason, he bore fatigue better than any of them. He adds, that he who will make the experiment on two equal boats' crews, rowing in a heavy sea, will soon be convinced that the water-drinkers will far outdo the others. No better testimony to this is required than the experience of the men who do work at the iron-foundries. That is the hardest work which falls to man to do; and so well do the labourers in this department know that they cannot perform it if they drink even beer, that their sole beverage during all the hours of this hot and heavy labour is water.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

Singular Preservation of Life.—Something over three weeks since, a little girl of about five years of age, while gathering nuts of various kinds, with some other children, in a forest contiguous to a prairie, in the south part of this county, became separated from its companions, and remained in the forest or on the prairie for the space of 12 days. The inhabitants of the adjoining towns, to the number of several hundreds, turned out for the purpose of finding the little unfortunate truant, but after several days of faithful search, gave the child up as forever lost, as it was not deemed possible that it could escape either one of the several dangers to which it was exposed. To give the reader an idea of these dangers, we will merely state, that the day the child was lost, the prairies were on fire, and were filling the whole country with smoke and flame, which rendered it more than probable, that the object of their search must have perished in this general conflagration of vegetation. In the event of an escape from the fire, however, it was in no less danger from perishing with the cold, by being exposed to the inclemency of the weather, at this season of the year. Considerations of this kind, after four or five days search, induced the inhabitants to give up all hopes of finding the little wanderer, and they returned to their homes, conscious of having done all that duty required of them, towards restoring the child to the fond embraces of its parents. The surprise of the inhabitants can be better imagined than described, on witnessing the little pedestrian emerge from the forest seven or eight days after they had abandoned the search as unnecessary and fruitless, accompanied by the faithful house-dog of its parents, which had accompanied it in all its wanderings. The child was, as might be expected, much emaciated by extreme suffering from hunger and cold, and had its hair burned off its head by the burning prairie. The faithful dog, however, suffered much more severely from the fire as is supposed, in endeavoring to preserve the child from being consumed. Suffice it to say, the child is fast recovering, and the parent's hearts have been made to rejoice over the restored child of their affections.—*Perrysburg Miami of the Lake.*

The Dinner Table.—To order dinner well is a matter of invention and combination. It involves novelty, simplicity, and taste; whereas in the generality of dinners there is no character but that of dull routine, according to the season. The same things are seen every where at the same periods, and as the rules for providing limit the range very much, there are a great many good things which never make their appearance at all, and a great many others, which being served in a fixed order, are seldom half enjoyed; as, for instance, game in the third course. This reminds me of a dinner I ordered last Christmas day, for two persons besides myself, and which we enjoyed very much. It consisted of crimp cod woodcocks, and plum-pudding, just as much of each as we wanted, and accompanied by champaigne. Now, this dinner was both very agreeable and very wholesome from its moderation; but the ordinary course would have preceded the woodcocks by some substantial dish, thereby taking away from their relish, and at the same time overloading the appetite. Delicacies are scarcely ever brought till they are quite superfluous, when a unsatisfactory if they are not eaten, and pernicious if they are. When the materials and the cooking are both of the best and the dinner is served according to the most approved rules of comfort, the plainest, cheapest, food, has attractions which are seldom to be found in the most labored attempts. Herrings and hashed mutton, to whose who like them, are capable of affording as much enjoyment, when skilfully dressed, as rare and costly dishes. I think it would be a great improvement to introduce, as a mode of enjoying easy society, small parties to plain savoury dinners, without state or ceremony. They need not supersede more expensive repasts, but might be adopted as a variety and a relief.—At present such a thing is scarcely heard of as asking half a dozen people to dinner unless it be an affair of trouble and expense. If people can dine alone in a plain manner, they could do so in society much more agreeably.—*The Original.*

LONDON SHOPMEN AND THEIR AMUSEMENTS.—If we were to attend "sing-songs," that is, free-and-easy clubs, in every quarter of the town, public parlours, and exhibitions held at the same houses, we should find a large majority of this class in every place: the concerts held at public houses licensed for musical parties are nearly wholly supported by them. It may not be generally known, that these performances are very common in and about London, especially in the suburbs, where they are held three times a week upon alternate nights, commencing at eight and terminating at half past eleven or twelve o'clock; the price of admission being from twopence to fourpence each. When the evening is not spent by unemployed shopmen at these or similar places, public-houses are resorted to where whole nights are consumed in card or bagatelle playing; a private room is appropriated to their use, and not unfrequently the days are spent in the same manner. There are many houses in the neighborhood of Oxford street and Regent street, of apparent respectability, where these practices are carried on to a great extent, and to several of which, through the introduction of a party known at the house, we have been admitted. Here we have seen two whist tables going on at noon-day, the players having commenced at them the preceding night. The room contained from twenty to thirty persons, all drapers; and this we understood was a common practice. In two instances we saw the masters of respectable shops —one residing in Oxford street, and the other in Regent street—at play with shopmen who had recently left their situations, and resorted thither to spend the money they had received for wages.—*Fraser's Mag.*

ARTICULATIVE DERANGEMENT.—A gentleman now residing in England, by reason of several paralytic shocks, affecting the muscular apparatus of the right side, has also lost the power of articulating the words which he fully intends to use to express his ideas. For example, instead of saying a thing is black, in spite of an effort to the contrary, he will perhaps say it is white. The moment he begins to write he mind upon any subject, the same strange derangement of the faculty of speech is exhibited in the written sentences. In figures, however, he is perfectly correct, and with customary ease conducts the calculations. Having a fine cultivated taste for music, he enjoys it still, with undiminished pleasure, beating time accurately. Upon examination of this gentleman's head, two remarkable fissures were discovered, or rather spots, from which the bone seems to have been moved. One is on the left side, over the organ marked by the phrenologists veneration; the other, embracing parts of hope and conscientiousness. The sound of his voice is clear and strong as it ever was, yet instead of uttering any particular word on which his mind is fully intent, to the utter confusion of himself and auditors, some other, totally and ridiculously at variance with the subject of thought, is invariably articulated.

London Police.—Conjugal Felicity.

Yesterday Mary Griffiths, a tall masculine looking woman, charged a little fellow named Boyer, of the brush and scout-bag fraternity, with having assaulted her.

Mrs. Griffith, after two or three hems, stated that she was in the greatest danger from Mister Boyer, who often ill used her; but what she complained of most was, on Monday last when he came home to dinner, and without any "prevarication" whatever, took from the table a whole basin full of leg of beef soup quite hot, and sent it bang over her and as pretty a "babby," just ten months old, as ever was seen.

Mr. Rawlinson: Are you living with him?—Mrs. Griffiths (after some hesitation): Yes, Sir, I am.

Mr. Rawlinson: Why, you look old enough to be his grandmother.

Mrs. Griffiths: Me, Sir! Lord bless you no; I'm only 42 next birth day, you're quite mistaken I assure you (dropping a pretty curtsey.)

Mr. Rawlinson (to Tom Bowyer): What's your answer to this?—Tom (who stood smiling at a little bow-legged sooty personage on his left, and winking at a clean-faced friend on his right): Vy, I've got this here to say, my Lord, there's a family o' my side and a family on her'n; well, she's got a young 'un eleven years old, what I've larn't to climb up a flue as well as any boy in the parish, but the mother won't afore you tells him to pitch into me with brick-bats, vich he accordingly does, and not content vith that ere, he very often ketches hold of a poker and says as how he'll "spifficate" me, and no mistake.

Mrs. Griffiths (bursting with rage, and giving a tremendous thump on the witness-box): So help me every thing now, that's a most owdacious lie, Tom, and I'll tell the gentlemen the whole truth; your worship (a second hard thump), he's my lawful husband, and has got another wife; there now [laughter.]

Mr. Rawlinson: Another wife, has he?

Mrs. Griffiths (emphatically): Yes, he married me in June, and the t'other in March [renewed laughter.]

Tom (turning up the whites of his eyes): Don't say that now, Poll, vy should you attempt for to slander me in this here hotfis.

Mr. Rawlinson (to Mrs. Griffiths): If he'll promise not to annoy you again, will you be satisfied?

Mrs. Griffiths: I shall, your Lordship.

Mr. Rawlinson (to Tom): She wishes you not to go near her for the future, will you agree to keep away?

Tom (good humouredly): Vill I! ah, to be sure, anything for a quiet life; but lord bless you, she talks for three hours and a half at a stretch, and that's enough to provoke any man; howsomdever, I'll cut the concern, if I goes without grub in consequence on it; ah, Poll (turning to his wife), it's all your fault but I bear no malice, not by no means.

The warrant was discharged, and the scot-begrimed party, apparently well pleased, then quitted the office with their friends.

THE DUTCHMAN AND HIS THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL.

Away back in the state of New York lives a Dutch farmer, well to do in the world, who always keeps by him a thousand dollar bill. With this bill in his pocket, and a shabby coat on his back, he prides himself on playing tricks with strangers—particularly such country merchants as have recently commenced business in the neighborhood, and are not acquainted with his pecuniary circumstances.

As an instance of this kind, he went lately to a new merchant, with his clothes all in rags, his toes sticking out through his shoes, his hat without a crown, and his beard a fortnight old, and ordered a few dollars worth of goods. The merchant stared at him; but as there could be no great hazard in laying out the articles for him, none of which were to be executed the command. "When the goods were ready, the merchant stared still more to hear his scurvy looking customer ask him to charge them.

"Charge them!" exclaimed the man of the merchandise—"ha, ha, ha! we're not in the habit of charging our goods to every body. We keep a sharp look out for breakers."

"Won't you charge 'em den?"

"Not to you, I thank you. You must have a better coat on your back to expect credit from us."

"Den it vou won't charge 'em," said the Dutchman with great moderation, "I must try and buy for 'em down, if so be, supposin I can muster money enough." Then taking a thousand dollar bill from his pocket, he extended it to the merchant with a sly leer on his face, and said—"will you change dat?"

"That—what!—a thousand dollar bill! Is it possible that—that a man of your appearance—"

"Wat, Mishter, be'a you scar't ha? Did you never seen a tousand dollar bill afore?"

"A man of your appearance!"—continued the merchant, in his astonishment, "with a thousand dollar bill! I could have sworn—"

"None o' your shwearing here if you please, Mishter—but give me my change, dat I may be off to mine farm again."

"Off to your farm! A thousand dollar bill!—Who are you, if I may be so bold?"

"Who be'a I? Vy, don't you know your own neighbors, man?—My name is Fritz Von Vogler—a poor farmer mit no more as one tousand acres of land't, and dis small bill in my pocket, dat was—so if you'll change it, and let me be gone, I'll dank you."

"Change it? Lord, sir! where should I get money, of a morning, to change a thousand dollar bill?"

"Den wat shall I do, Mishter?—You won't trust me, nor you won't change mine tousand dollar bill?"

"Trust you! Mr. Von Vogler—that I will, to the amount of a thousand dollars, if you wish. You did'nt suppose I was afraid to trust you, did you?" said the merchant, growing very complaisant.

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared the Dutchman, so loud as he could—"you begins to haul in your horne a bit, does you? Shtrange wat wonder a shmall tousand dollar bill will work on a man's goot opinion! So, you'll drust me now, will you?"

"Certainly, certainly, sir."

"Ne, I'll be whipped if you shall—if so be, supposin I can find siller enough in mine pockets to pay you." As he said this, the Dutchman hauled out an old stocking full of dollars, paid for the goods, and giving another hearty haw, haw, haw! at the astonishment and sudden change of opinion of the merchant, departed.—*Transcript.*

A NOBLEMAN'S EDUCATION.—Lord Greatly had gone through the common course of a Nobleman's education. At home he had been taught his consequence, in being my lorded by the stable boys and the tenants; had passed through Eton with a tutor at his elbow, to do his exercise for him, and prevent his cuffs up from being cuffed and kicked; took a Nobleman's degree —an hereditary legislator's mark!—at Cambridge, where he was tufted and tailed; and ended by driving over the Continent in a travelling chariot, with a coat of arms to show his rank, a courier to provide for his wants, and a travelling companion to speak for him. And what did he learn by all this to fit him for a seat in the counsel of the nation? Did he learn any thing of the laws of God, of nature, or of his country? No! He had learned to write, to be sure; but was his hand intelligible? No! a good hand is clerkship: it is vulgar, forsooth, to express one's self intelligibly on paper! Next, I suppose it will be unfashionable to articulate distinctly! Had he knowledge of accounts?—no! that would be vulgar also. Had he learnt to speak and write his own language correctly?—no! Had he learnt any modern language? no! they teach no modern tongues at Eton! What then, did he learn? Why reader, he learned to quote—I don't mean to understand—Latin, without being guilty of a false quantity! for in house of hereditary legislation there is no disgrace in murdering the King's English; but to inflict the slightest scratch on the skin of a dead language is next to treason. How comes it then, it may be asked, that some of our Lords are really well-informed, sensible men? The truth is that the *material* is good, and that nature is sometimes too strong for education.—*From Capt. Blakiston's New Work, "Twenty Years of Retirement."*

Keep Cool.—A man of sensibility is always in the attic of ecstacies, or the cellar of sorrow; either jumping with joy, or groaning with grief. But pleasure and pain are like a cucumber the extremes are good for nothing.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the Silk Culturist.

MR. EDITOR:—For three years last past I have tampered with silk worms by way of experiment, and find that fed with lettuce they will commence spinning and die; fed with black mulberry, spin a coarse silk and not so heavy a cocoon; with the white mulberry, the best silk; and that by selecting the largest cocoons for seed, you can obtain still larger cocoons—thus can they be improved upon; and by keeping the different coloured worms apart, have three distinct colors. The bright red or dun coloured worms produce pure white; the grey produce light yellow; the darkest, or black, or dark brown with black spots, the orange or bright gold color cocoons. I should think these might be fast colors. Kept in a damp cellar the last summer, the eggs hatched and the worms spun, although the leaves would mould. I think this worthy of observation, from so much having been said of the requisite temperature, even to needing artificial heat. I find them very hardy, and that they will endure considerable neglect; but they will not spin as well for it.

A small spider, brought in among the leaves, annoyed me some the past summer. It would attack the worm; but the worm is too strong to be held by the web; but the bite would make it wander away, exude a liquid and die. The first cocoons I raised were killed by putting them in a close tea-kettle, at or turning in a gallon of high wines, throwing a net over to keep them from the alcohol, covering them close, and placing the kettle in the warm sun. The evaporation kills the chrysalis without wasting the cocoons. The two last seasons I have found N. E. Rum would answer the same end.

By this process, the embryo seems not to exude any thing to stain its shroud, as it does by steaming and baking. The quantity I have raised has not exceeded a half peck, and these I have distributed to every one that would take an interest, or felt a desire to cultivate, or seek information in the culture of silk; for it is my opinion that the culture of silk will be for New England what cotton is to the south.

Respectfully Yours, JOHN D. W. WILLIAMS.
Elm Hill, Roxbury, 21st Oct. 1835.

CLEANSING SILK.

Silk, as left by the worm, contains certain impurities which must be separated from it especially when it is intended for particular kinds of fabrics. Yellow silk contains gum coloring matter, wax and an oil similar to the essential oils of many vegetables. White silk also contains gum, wax and an oil slightly tinged with coloring matter, resembling the liquid in the chrysalis of the worm. By chemical experiments it has been ascertained that the amount of gum is from 23 to 24 per cent. It is dry, friable, and when pulverised, of a yellowish red color—soluble in water. The coloring matter is resinous; but exists in a very small proportion—supposed to be from 1-35 to 1-60 per cent. The wax is hard, but brittle and slightly colored. Its proportion is about one half per cent. These substances affect the whiteness and flexibility of silk, and the process by which they are extracted is called "cleansing silk." It is also varied according to the nature and kind of the article for which it is designed.

These processes are called "ungumming," "sulphuring" and "alonning." Silk also intended to remain white is boiled and gummed, while that intended for dyeing is boiled but left ungummed, on the supposition that the gum has some affinity for the coloring matter with which it is to be incorporated. There are also six kinds of white, by the names of China white, India white, Paste white, Milk white, Silver white, and Blue azure white; which, though they are nothing more than different shades, are produced by the different management of the silk in cleansing. Though these things may seem to be of trifling importance to the culturist, who simply intends to make cocoons or raw silk, and, in those states, to dispose of them to the manufacturer, yet they must remember that they are of vast importance to him—and indeed indispensable to the success of his branch of the business. We trust, therefore, they will see the necessity of our giving full directions for their different processes, which we intend to in our subsequent numbers. When we commenced the publication of the Culturist we formed the resolution of giving the subject a full and thorough investigation, and although we did not anticipate the amount of labor that would be required; yet we are not disposed to abandon the undertaking. The object is of high national and individual importance and well worthy the attention of every lover of his country and his fellow men.—*Silk Culturist.*

Preserving Cocoons.—It is indispensible to good silk that the cocoons be well cured and preserved, otherwise they will be reeled with difficulty and produce a very inferior article. Several lots of cocoons have been brought to the factory in this city, the present season, which did not yield silk enough to pay the expense of reeling, on account of the manner in which they had been preserved. To preserve them, however, care, rather than skill is necessary. After the chrysalis is destroyed, they ought to be spread in thin layers on shelves, distributed into as many stories as the room, in which they are cured, will admit, say two or three feet apart, one above another and turned every day. If they be spread too thick and left unstirred they will be liable to mould and be destroyed by the moths. Cocoons put up damp and in large quantities will contract additional moisture, and throw out an offensive odour, and in that condition are barely worth reeling. Persons who intend to have good cocoons, and obtain a good price for them should be particularly careful that they be kept in good order.—*ib*

Picking Leaves.—The inquiry is often made at what age may the leaves of young trees be picked without injuring the tree or retarding its growth. On this subject there exists some difference of opinion among practical cultivators. Count Dandola recommends that they be not stripped of leaves till they have been transplanted three years, provided, they are transplanted at two years old. He also recommends that after the fifth year, they be left to rest one, in order to recover from the loss of their leaves. There is no doubt that the leaves of trees are their lungs, and contribute, by absorption of moisture and the principle of vegetation from the atmosphere, to its growth; but the health of a mulberry tree is probably promoted as much by depriving it of leaves in a reasonable manner and in the proper season, as that of a sheep by being shorn of its fleece. It is the prevailing opinion in the silk growing districts in Connecticut, that trees only two years old may be stripped of their leaves without injury, provided the leaves nearest the ends of the main stem and the lateral branches are left. The manner of picking leaves as recommended by Count Verri, is to pass the hands from the lower part of a branch to the top, and to pick the leaves in a bag, the mouth of which is to be kept open by a hoop with a book to suspend it. Persons, however, engaged in picking leaves will soon find the most convenient method of operation.—*Silk Culturist.*

Slugs and Snails.—These insects are very destructive to mulberry plants. They will eat down multitudes of them in a single night; and in moist seasons sometimes destroy whole nurseries. The preventives against their depredations, are to surround the beds or nurseries with soot, hot lime, or ashes, and make a fresh application after they have been wet with rain —or, as Mr. Pullein says, a hair rope may be trimmed so as to be made as bristly as possible and pinned to the ground on the borders of the bed or nursery, which will so prick their tender skins as to deter them from crossing it. If soot is put round the beds, care must be taken that it does not come in contact with the plants as its acridity will destroy them. If the insects appear, they may be destroyed every night after sunset. In order to prevent the destruction of the young plants they should be carefully watched and guarded until they get out of the reach of these insects, which it is supposed they will do at two or three years old. They may be able to withstand their attacks at an earlier age; but it is prudence to watch them for the two or three first years, as the gain may be altogether greater than the loss would be, should it ultimately be found to be unnecessary.—*Silk Culturist.*

RURAL ECONOMIST.

Produce of a Dairy Farm.—MR. EDITOR.—Agreeably to promise, I send you a statement of the dairying business in this county.

One hundred acres of good cleared land, will summer and winter thirty cows, which, to show the nett profit, will let for $12 per cow, or $360; deduct from that the interest on cost of cows, say $60, it will leave $300, or $3 per acre. Mr. Henry Burrill, of Salisbury, who makes and deals more largely in cheese, perhaps, than any other man in the United States, has several dairy farms, in all over 1000 acres. He has one farm of 112 acres, on which he keeps 30 cows; his tenant has two-fifths and he three-fifths of the product, which has been 400 pounds of cheese from a cow, besides pork, &c.—

Making 12,000 lbs at 7½ cts.,	$900
Pork and butter, say	100
	$1000

Three-fifths of which is $600; after deducting interest on cost of cows, will leave about $5 per acre nett; but 300 pounds is about the average yield from a cow, which, after deducting interest on cost of cows, will leave about $4 per acre of cleared land. The price of good dairy land ranges from 25 to $40 per acre.

Say the 112 acres of Mr. Burrill, at $40, is		$4,480
Cost of 30 cows, at $15,		750
		$5,230
His amount received,	$600 00	
$5,230,	366 10	
Leaving	$233 90	

or about 2¢ per acre.

I think if you can satisfy the farmers that they can realize a nett profit of $10 per acre by growing mulberry trees, instead of four or five hundred dollars, which is some of the largest calculations I have seen, that they will be likely to engage in it.

Herkimer county is justly celebrated, not only for the quantity, but also for the superior quality of its cheese. There is undoubtedly more cheese made in this county than any other county in the Union. Over two millions of pounds have already been sent from this port this season, which is not probably over one half made in the county.

I am, sir, your ob't. S. W. BROWN.
Little Falls, N. Y. Oct. 13, 1835.

Silk Culturist.

Management of Milch Cows.—We were much astonished a few evenings since while conversing with a very intelligent gentleman, who owns a farm in this county, to hear him say, that during the last winter his milch cows which were kept warm in the stable did not look as well as his dry cows and other cattle which were exposed in the barn yard under sheds, that merely screened them from the rain and snow. We were not surprised at the result of the two modes of keeping, for that was but the natural effect of the different relations of the animals; our surprise sprung from another quarter—from the declaration that our friend made, that the coming winter he would keep his milch cows in the barn yard with his other cattle. The cow kind, we are aware, are warm-blooded, hardy animals and can bear great intensity of cold, so long as they are fed well with good strong nutritious food, and will take on fat tolerably kindly, even when exposed to winter winds and inures; but it is impossible to keep milch cows to the pail, so as to yield even a tolerable supply of milk, unless they are kept warm, and fed generously with wholesome, nourishing food; for it is utterly impossible that those delicate vessels, or thoracic ducts, which secrete the milk, can perform their office efficiently, while the poor animal is shivering with cold, exposed to the searching winds of a December day. The secretion of it may probably go on unobstructed, or but partially so, under such exposure. The cause of our astonishment arose especially from the circumstance—that the good sense of our friend should not have enabled him to account for the superior appearance of the dry cattle over those that were giving milk. He should have recollected that while the food consumed by the former was solely required for the accumulation of fat, the poor milch cows had to supply the *additional demand of style for milk*, and that what would keep the one *fat*, would not be more than sufficient to preserve decent appearances in the other. This is the *rationale* of the phenomenon, if we may so term it. It was not because exposure to cold winds and pinching frosts suited the constitutional habitudes of his cattle better than a warm and comfortable birth in his stable, but what they ate was solely required for purposes of obesity, whereas the food consumed by the milch cows had to answer the twofold demand of fat and milk. It is well known to *every one* in the least acquainted with animal economy, as indicated in the cow species, that a deep udder and a very *fat* cow, is but too seldom found in the same animal at the same time, while on the contrary, deep milkers are usually more *prominent in points* than flesh. We hold it to be an indisputable proposition, that no cow will give a copious supply of milk, through the winter, unless she is well and comfortably kept, and fed with succulent food.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

Pumpkins as Food for Hogs.—We have recently heard several farmers say that their hogs did not *thrive* while fed on pumpkins; that they *secured* them as much as to counteract all the good effects from whatever nourishment there might have been in them. It is very probable that hogs fed altogether on *uncooked* pumpkins might be thus operated upon, as from the superabundance of vegetable acid, present in this vegetable, when fresh pulled, it is more than likely that any animals exclusively fed upon them raw, would be injuriously affected by them from the cause we have before assigned. This bad effect, however, might very easily be remedied by cooking them, and thus converting the acid into a *sweet*, identical with, in its qualities, it not itself, sugar. Nor is the correction of this tendency to act upon the stomach and other viscera, the only good to be gained by cooking this vegetable; for its nutritious properties are also no greatly enhanced, that we think it would not be claiming too much to say, that it would be thus *directly* improved fully to the amount of 25 per cent., besides rendering the food perfectly innocuous. If the cooking plan should be rejected, and the farmer should choose to feed the pumpkin in the same good old way as did his great, great, great-grand-father, let him keep some charcoal in his hog-trough, and occasionally sprinkle his pumpkins with hickory nuts. Either of these simplee would serve to neutralize the bad effects of the food, and to make the hogs take on fat kindly.—*Fur. & Gaz.*

Notice.

ALDERMAN SAMUEL HEINTZELMAN will attend to all unfinished business on my docket, at my old office, No. 301 north 5th st., where he has opened his office.
MICHAEL W. ASH, Late Alderman.

SAMUEL HEIN